THE

MONTHLY VISITOR.

JULY 1801.

SKETCH

OF THE LIFE OF THE LATE

DANIEL DANCER,

THE CELEBRATED MISER.

Enriched with a capital Portrait in Colours, taken from Life.

Most wretched wight, whom nothing might suffice,
Whose greedy lust did lack in greatest store!

ANON.

HAVING presented our readers in the last number of our Miscellany with the portrait and memoirs of *Mr. Elwes*, we proceed to delineate his counterpart, *Mr. Dancer*, who is equally famous in the annals of parsimony. Such characters, however unamiable, are useful to society. They shew the vanity of excessive wealth—they expose a lust for riches—they place in a more enchanting point of view the divine virtue of generosity.

DANIEL DANCER was born about the year 1716, near Harrow-on-the-Hill, in the county of Middlesex. His father had three sons and one daughter—each of whom was distinguished for certain peculiarities, either of mind or body. A penurious disposition was a common trait amongst them. Indeed it seems to have borne along with it a kind of infection, for it ran through the family.

It is a circumstance worthy of notice, that Mr. Dancer did not in his early years betray that excessive

love of money for which he became afterwards celebrated. This disclosure of his soul was reserved for maturer years. When his father died he became *independent*, and THEN he began to act the part of the MISER. So true, in some cases, is the observation of Burns, the poet, in his letters—"Wealth imparts a *bird-lime* quality to the possessor, at which the man in his native poverty would have revolted."

Mr. Dancer began his race of penuriousness along with a sister, who emulated him in his study of economy. Anecdotes are told of them which almost exceed the bounds of credibility. The first instance on record is, that on Sunday an ordinary piece of beef was boiled, called *sticking*, with fourteen hard dumplings. This provision lasted through the week. The meat, indeed, was sometimes not very fragrant, but, in conjunction with the cold dumpling, was each day swallowed with avidity. We are also assured, that one day a dead sheep, who died of a disease, was found on an adjoining common, the carcase was dragged home, skinned, cut up, and made into pies! He, however, scolded his sister for eating too heartily of these dainties—while she protested to a neighbour that she had eaten with her accustomed frugality! This singular female seldom ventured abroad—but, roused by the hunters and the hounds, she sallied forth like a true Amazon, armed with a pitch-fork, to check the progress of these intruders on her brother's grounds. In her last illness, medical assistance was suggested, but her brother sternly refused it, sagaciously replying —"Why should I waste my money in wickedly endeavouring to counteract the will of Providence? If the old girl's time is come, the nostrums of all the quacks in Christendom cannot save her; and she may as well die now as at any future period!"

But let us return to Mr. Dancer himself. His history alone will afford incidents enough for our purpose. We must give him credit for his ingenuity in *saving*, an art which *the times* recommend to our cultivation. How far *such* an example ought to be imitated, the reader must determine. Should it be said

that our hero carried his *saving* to excess—let it be remembered, that *all* examples should be drawn high, in order to engage our attention. "O frugality!" exclaimed the humourous Burns, "thou mother of ten thousand blessings!"

Mr. Dancer allowed himself neither soap nor towels—the one was dear, and the other would grow dirty—he, therefore, went to a neighbouring pool, washed himself with sand, and lay on his back in the sun to dry himself! Ropes of hay round his body, to keep his cloaths together, were favourite decorations—at one time he afforded himself two shirts annually, but latterly one sufficed; bought at an old cloath's shop for half a crown; worn, without washing or mending, and fell in rags from his back!—his stockings were mended by him till the original article was concealed—and his shoes he repaired, laying one sole on the other, till they resembled a pair of hog's troughs!—his room, never cleaned, was crouded with sticks purloined from the neighbouring hedges.—A thief breaking into his house, took little away, for his notes were hid among the cobwebs in his cow-house, and his guineas in the fire-place, covered with soot. When urged to put on a clean shirt which had been sent him, his answer was—"No—no—tis unnecessary—the one I have on is quite clean, I have not worn it above *three* weeks!" To a favourite dog he gave a pint of milk daily, while he himself had recourse to the pot-liquor of Lady Tempest's kitchen, of which he would drink so enormously, as to be under the necessity of rolling himself upon the floor before he could get to sleep.—A complaint being made of the dog's worrying sheep, he took him to a blacksmith's shop, and had all his teeth broken off short, fearing that, provided further damages were committed, he should have to make compensation—even when compelled to obey the dictates of nature, he would rather walk two miles than not assist in *manuring* his own lands—with the dung of cattle he formed a new species of scrutoire, for, after his death, a 30l. bank-note was found in a parcel in the cow-house—though he never

took snuff, yet he begged a pinch till his box was full, which was exchanged for a farthing candle; and this candle lighted him to bed till his box was replenished —he never allowed his horse more than shoes for his fore feet—when near the Royal Exchange, going to put 2000l. in the funds, somebody supposing him a beggar, slipped a penny into his hand, he, recollecting that "every little helps," pocketed the money and walked on—the faculty he called *medical tinkers*, who, in endeavouring to patch up *one* blemish in the human frame, never fail to make *ten*—lawyers he abominated, saying he would rather deal with the devil himself; this antipathy, probably, originated in his losing a law-suit with a poor woman for *three-pence*, she having charged him *two and nine-pence* instead of *two and six-pence* for his annual shirt—having worn his hat thirteen years, he bought one of a Jew, but he soon prevailed on his servant Griffiths to buy it of him, and he gained sixpence by the bargain—finally, Lady Tempest having sent him trout stewed in claret, and this being congealed by the frost, he, not affording himself fire, had it put between two pewter plates and placed them under his body in bed, till their contents were sufficiently warm!!!

Reader, dost thou want more to excite thy commiseration for DANIEL DANCER? or rather, can any thing more be added to rouse thy indignation against such degeneracy? if so—mark his latter end!

This poor creature expired in October, 1794, aged 78.—Lady Tempest accidentally calling in upon him, found him lying in an old sack, which came up to his neck. The reason assigned for this his condition was —*that having come into the world without a shirt, he was determined to go out in the same manner!* She requested him to have a pillow to raise his head, which he refused, but ordered his old servant, Griffiths, to bring him a truss of hay for that purpose. Thus did Daniel Dancer quit this stage of mortality.

This *poor-rich-man* left behind him THREE THOUSAND POUNDS *per annum!!!* The house in which he lived had not been repaired for half a century. Within,

however, were found sums of money and notes in abundance. Large beams were met with, filled with guineas and half-guineas, and various parcels of bank notes stuffed under the covers of old chairs. In the very stable were jugs of dollars and shillings. Thither would he go, in the dead of night, to rob one jug that he might add to a bowl buried in the kitchen!!!

Reader, after perusing such a narrative, join with the writer in reprobating the extremes of prodigality and parsimony. *Give me neither poverty nor riches*, was a wise and excellent prayer. Not to *enjoy* what heaven has expressly granted for *enjoyment*, can be nothing less than an outrageous species of insanity. Pity such persons. Pray for such contracted souls. The cancerous spirit of penuriousness eats out the core of our happiness—it is the consummation of human misery.*

Islington. J. E.

THE

FEMALE SWINDLERS.

OUR readers are in possession of the most material facts respecting the deceptions practised by these fair ladies of Blackheath on several tradesmen; and must have wondered at the surprising dexterity with which they, for a considerable time, continued to elude detection; to form an adequate idea of their consummate hypocrisy, we insert the following curious epistle, which was written by one of the swindling beauties to a very respectable gentleman in the metropolis, whose daughter unfortunately died at this truly improving seminary for young ladies.

* A more copious, and very interesting account of this extraordinary miser, will be found in the *ninth* volume of our Miscellany.

" Sir, *Croome-hill. Jan.* 30.

" The affecting providence that God's infinite wisdom permitted to take place, in removing your dear child from a world of *temptation, sin,* and *sorrow,* has much impressed my mind, but it is the survivor that dies. She, I trust, liveth in a world of bliss, and would not, could we ask her, return for all the thousands you have vainly imagined you was hoarding up for her. She is far richer, and is clothed with immortality, and not a wave of trouble shall ever cross her peaceful breast. It remains now that *we seek to follow those* who, through faith and patience, are inheriting the promised bliss. Death spares nor age nor sex; young and old, rich and poor, alike must gō; and I entreat you to let me, *as a friend, who can only have your good in view,* beg of you to let this prove a sanctified affliction, and be the means of resigning your will to the Almighty.—Your child was only lent, and your property, health, and life are the same. May you be enabled to use them for the Giver!

" I commend you to that Power who can open your mind, that you may understand the scriptures, and make Christ precious; and, with best wishes for your present and future happiness, I subscribe myself, Your's, &c.

" P. S. Excuse my mentioning, but perhaps you may not think of it, and, if agreeable to you, should like to shew the last token of respect, by putting on mourning; and as you have so much property, surely you cannot appropriate a little better than by shewing attention to those who have been so kind and attentive to your dear departed child."

THE REFLECTOR.

[No. LIII.]

ALFRED,

AN EPIC POEM, BY JOSEPH COTTLE.

ALFRED victorious o'er the *Danes*, I sing!
COTTLE.

IN our Literary Review we noticed this valuable Poem, in twenty-four books, on its first publication. Its subject, its plan, and its execution, received our approbation. We were particularly struck with occasional passages, and, indeed, with the whole of its moral tendency. These passages we mean to bring forward—and flatter ourselves that our selections, accompanied with remarks, will have a favourable influence on the minds of the rising generation.

The characters in *Alfred* are of two kinds—*Saxon*. Alfred, king of England—Alswitha, his queen—Oddune, earl of Devon—Sigbert, abbot of Wilton—Ceolric, the neat-herd, and Acca, his wife.—*Danish*, Ivar and Hubba, sons of Regner Lodbrog, king of Denmark, who was murdered by Ella, king of Northumberland, and Guthrum, an old Danish general, who was afterwards converted to christianity. We shall pursue the windings of this highly pleasing Tale through several numbers of our Miscellany.

In this paper we confine ourselves to the first book, with which the poem opens. It describes Ivar acting agreeably to the northern mythology—he proceeds to consult a *witch*, previous to his expedition into Britain. He therefore exclaims—

———Well I know
Where divination dwells! On the next morn
I sail for BRITAIN! Dreary now the hour!
The night is dark, and chilling blows the wind
O'er the vex'd ocean! yet a heart I boast
That never stoop'd to fear, a mailed heart
Invincible! and forth I go, e'en now,
To learn my fortunes! Instant he arose,
And to the neighbouring beach undaunted sped.

On the sea-shore Ivar met a mariner, who refused to convey him across the water to the witch's abode—*him* he smote to the ground. Another mariner, however, complied with his request—but the most tempestuous weather threatened their safety. The Danish prince often questioned his guide, but received no satisfactory answer:—

" I cannot see thy face," exclaim'd the prince,
" And whither are we sailing? speak one word,
Tho' it may bear a dagger to my heart.
This horrid silence chills me." Not a word
Heard IVAR, but he look'd in earnestness,
When sudden there appear'd upon the face
Of him who row'd him, light ineffable,
And by it, in the helm's-man he beheld
The man he murder'd!
———Ghastly beam'd his eye,
His cheek was thin and sallow, and the wound
Deep in his neck, with which he smote him dead.
The prince discern'd, and as he speechless gaz'd,
The light withdrew, and all again was dark,
Darkness and tempest, and the rushing wind!

Immediately after this fearful incident, the bark was toss'd on a rock—led by a *grizly night-hag*, he seeks and enters the cave of the witch! They descend through a pit, holding by slimy snakes—and pass on through scenes easier to be imagined than described. Reaching at last the spot where she inhabited—

Round him he gaz'd, expectant of all harm,
Then sudden look'd aghast! A coffin black
Slow rising from the yawning sepulchre,
His sight arrested. As he earnest view'd,
He saw the sorceress! In her narrow bed
Senseless she lay, oppress'd with death-like sleep!
A pall she had—the snow of ages! Her
The prince approach'd, and when he mark'd her face,
Her still and livid visage, and her eye,
That thro' the thin eye-lid half appear'd,
Back he recoil'd in terror, but again
Drew nigh her coffin, and in tremulous tones
Chanted the runic song!

The witch reminds Ivar of the murder committed on the sea-shore—a serpent with an human countenance shows him a hideous gash in his neck.

———When on a crag he spied
Two twinkling fires. They toward him came! his heart
Shrunk with dismay, for slow a reptile form
Gliding drew near. As Ivar earnest look'd,
Beneath his sight it grew large, and more large!
And now appear'd a hideous monster huge,
Of serpent kind, with human countenance!
And at the prince he fix'd his steady gaze.
Then Ivar on his neck beheld a gash—
A broad and well-known gash—he started back!
And wistless what he did, approach'd the hag
And her stone tenement, still holding out
His trembling hands. He touch'd the witch's arm!
'Twas ice, all ice, when side way leaping far,
His eyestrings snapp'd, and on the hideous sight
On either side his twisted eye balls glared.
Loud from the roof the raven flapp'd his wing!
His claws the scorpion shook! the serpent hiss'd!
While from the earth beneath came a deep groan!

He is then assured, that when he visits Britain, *Denmark should see him no more!* He is, however,

told, that if his sisters weave a standard of threads given him, on which a raven be displayed, the possession of it shall ensure his safety. He then returns after a most dreary manner, led by this serpent—the ghost of the murdered man!

———Slow the serpent mov'd,
And as he mov'd, a shining slimy track
Mark'd his curv'd path. Ivar upon it walk'd,
Through windings many, fearing at each step
The irremed'able fall. And now they came
Where three turnings stood. The shuddering prince
Beheld one fill'd with fire, changeful and dim,
And heard the dragon rave—he turn'd aghast,
And in the other path—the path he came,
Saw darkness, save where creeping reptiles eyes
Glared on him. Then he look'd, and to the right
Descri'd the third ascent—no fire was there,
No angry reptile, but half light it was;
The steps distinct and clear, the distance short,
And at the top shone the blue firmament.
The serpent cried—" Now follow me!"
What joy rush'd thro' the prince's bosom when he saw
His guide wind slowly up the blessed way,
That shone so light and lovely—and they came
Into heaven's daylight! Ivar quickly turn'd round
To thank his guide, when stared him in the face
His ghastly neck wound. In his heart he felt
Biting remorse, which made him clench his eyes
With inbred pangs, and when again he turn'd
To speak his gratitude—no guide appear'd!
No mouth of yawning cavern—both were gone!
Fragments of lofty rocks encircled him.
It was one waste of stone, all wild and bare,
That thro' succeeding ages crumbling fast,
By rains and winter frosts, from the tall peaks
Came roaring down the precipice, and spread
O'er all the valley crags and shatter'd spars,
High-heap'd and massy—such as man might deem
A world in ruins!

———Looking round, he saw
The ocean near him, casting on the shore

Its sweeping lines of foam, advancing slow,
With murmurs faint, and of such equal sounds,
That silence scarce perceiv'd them. To the beach
He hasten'd, and, o'erjoy'd, beheld a ship
Fast sailing near at hand. He cried—"Approach!"
The prince was known—he bounded to the bark,
And safe it bore him to his distant home.

He loses the threads which had been given him, in the way, but the sisters wove him a standard—he then proceeds to his troops—

'Mid frantic looks of hate and boiling rage,
Untameable they join their barks, and soon,
With songs and shouts before the favouring gale,
Across the seas to BRITAIN steer their course.

Such is the introductory book—which is well adapted to awaken the curiosity respecting the issue of the expedition. It exhibits a transcript of the northern superstitions—and displays the awful darkness in which their minds were involved. In the remaining papers on this subject, we shall lay open the most interesting parts of a poem with which we have been delighted. ALFRED is the boast of Britain! We are, therefore, proud of holding forth his merits to an admiring posterity!

AMUSEMENTS IN HIGH LIFE.

MRS. WALKER's Masquerade was attended on Monday, June 8, by upwards of 700 persons.

The entrance of her house, the inner hall, was brilliantly lighted by circles, stars, and festoons of variegated lamps. The stair-case was made into an alcove by oak and laurel leaves, among which small globular lamps were placed, producing at once a light and cool effect. Under the stair-case was placed a band of music in fancy-dresses.

The windows of the room were ornamented with boughs, in which were entwined roses and honeysuckles. Five six-light lustres were placed on the mantle-piece of the principal anti-chamber, into which the company retired from the heat of the other apartments. In a room adjacent a band of soft music played the whole night. The ball room was chalked to resemble flowers, and was lighted up with superb chandeliers and lustres. In this enchanted place, apparently on fairy ground, the company began to assemble at eleven o'clock.

Among those that excited the greatest interest and were best supported, are to be reckoned the following:—the Hon. Mrs. Walpole in the character of *Goody Notable*, displayed a great deal of wit and humour; she gave a deal of good advice to the London fine Ladies, recommending notable employments, works of all kinds, instead of cards and idleness. Her daughter *Patty* supported her character very well, and was her mother's own child: both contributed much to the amusement of the company.

Captain Hern, *a sailor*; Mr. Janes, *a farmer's wife*; Lord Villiers, a *Highland chief*; Mrs. Harcourt, a *Welch Lady*; Mr. Bœhm, a *Dutch Burgomaster's wife*; the Marquis of Lorne, and Mr. T. Sheridan, as *Highlanders*; and Mr. Paul Methuen, a *dragon*, with wings, tail, and all complete. The dragon was *horribly fine*, and terrific enough to pass for him that watched the golden fruit in the garden of the Hesperides; as such he was addressed by Lord Ashtoun, in the character of *Sylvester Horticol*, gardener, who presented him with the following bill:—

SYLVESTER HORTICOL, Gardener, informs the Nobility and Gentry, that he is provided with a large assortment of native and exotic seeds and plants, which he will sell at the most reduced prices.

He begs leave particularly to recommend the following as well worth the attention of his friends and the public.

A new Species of Laurel from Egypt, very rare, but it is hoped, will flourish in our climate; the original plant grows on the tomb of the brave Abercromby.—The Lauris Alexandria, a beautiful variation of the above, is shortly expected.

N. B. The common British Laurel has been found of late to require the *sea air* to bring it to perfection.

No Portugal Laurels are expected this year.

The True British Oak, a hardy plant that braves all climates.

The Poetic Bay, a plant very difficult to rear in these times.

A great variety of curious Medlars.

Also a large collection of Flowers and Flowering Shrubs, among which are the following: the Maiden Blush Rose, the Rose without a Thorn, both very scarce; the Sensitive Plant; the Ice Plant; Heart's Ease; Love lies a bleeding, Touch me not, Venus's Looking-glass, Ladies Smock, London Pride, None so Pretty, Two faces under a Hood, Batchelors Buttons, the Bella Donna Lilly, the Cuckoo Flower, Flos Adonis, Narcissus, the Horned Poppy, and a great variety of Cockscombs, and Painted Ladies, which will be sold cheap, as the market is overstocked with them.

N. B. Mr. Horticol is an adept in the sexual system of Linnæus, and gives lessons to young Ladies on the Loves of the Plants, and all the occult Mysteries of Botany, without wounding the most scrupulous delicacy.

Mr. Champneys, as *Alderman*, and *Mrs. Gobble*, formed a couple of one bone and one flesh, that defied all the omnipotence of parliament to divorce till death. Indeed, the Alderman, by carrying his

wife on his back, appeared to guard pretty well against *Crim. Con.* and as a further security, the Lady had no corporal existence, unless Mr. Joddrel, who personated *Nobody*, lent her one. The following song very truly describes their *attachment*:—

Duet.—ALDERMAN *and* MRS. GOBBLE.

THE ALDERMAN.

ALL ye who pass wedlock in distance and strife,
Learn how close are the bonds which *shou'd* join man and wife:
If you wish *perfect conjugal union* to see,
Behold it in dear Mrs. Gobble and me!

MRS. GOBBLE.

My love for my Gobble, none here can attack,
For I ne'er quit his side—I mean quit his back!
And many wives here sure may envy my case,
Tho' in close *tête à tête*, yet I ne'er see his face.

THE ALDERMAN.

Let the ill-married world at our happiness wonder,
And curs'd be the hand that wou'd *tear us asunder*;
Tho' still *turning our backs on each other* you've seen us,
Believe me, good folk's, *there's no coolness between us.*

MRS. GOBBLE.

Ye ladies and lords, who on Hymen's laws trample,
Attend all to mine and my Deary's example;
A *connexion* like our's wou'd your quarrels all smother,
If each *were like us*, the true *half of each other.*

The dances commenced at one, and the Marquis of Lorn and Mr. T. Sheridan gave the *Highland fling* in perfection. At two the supper rooms were thrown open, the chapel constituting the chief apartment. The windows were taken out and beautiful transparent sea-pieces substituted. Five chandeliers of extraordinary beauty, and double the number of lustres affixed to the wall, threw over the chapel a refulgence not to be exceeded by the meridian sun.

The hostess of the night wore an elegant fancy dress. Lady Dashwood King also appeared in one of uncommon splendour. The Prince of Wales wore a slate-coloured domino, with a netting of black lace to the middle.

The supper was cold, and consisted of every delicacy in profusion, with the most delicate and rare wines. The Prince of Wales and Prince of Orange stopped supper, and for them and their friends a superb set of plate was set out in a private room.

For the Monthly Visitor.

CORVINUS;

OR,

THE STRANGER.

(Concluded from Page 136.)

But let us try these truths with closer eyes,
And trace them through th' prospect as it lies;
Here, for a while, my proper care's resign'd,
Here, let me set in sorrow for mankind;
Like yon neglected shrub, at random cast,
That shades the steep, and sighs at ev'ry blast.

——— G———H.

LOVE, when established, as was mine for Amelia, is not easily obliterated. Even to this moment there is about my heart a throbbing something that calls the unfortunate fair one to my recollection with a kind of tearful remembrance. Such is the effect of love; and such the finest emotions, or sentiments, which embellish life. They are sometimes agonizing, but then this very agony is endearing. My mind resumed its wonted serenity, and I bent my thoughts to the study of astronomy and natural philosophy. Hence was my very soul

expanded. I contemplated with reverence and delight the wonderful works of creation, and in them I beheld the perfections of deity.

About this period, the duties of a legislature called my father to the metropolis, and thither I accompanied him. We find in London an immense collection of curiosities, well worth the attention of the man of letters. It is here the arts and sciences are liberally supported—it is here they flourish—it is here they meet with kindly nourishment—it is here they grasp at perfection—and hence commerce wafts her wings to the distant shore. Renowned, and justly renowned as is London, for being a repository of the arts and sciences, it is, alas! no less the bed of idleness and vice. The places of public entertainment are, in truth, a focus of vanity and perverted taste. The theatres are chiefly the vehicle of political or selfish motives; and the very religious institutions are poisoned with this mania—this fashionable buffoonery. To witness such praiseworthy institutions as are the Asylum, Foundling, and Magdalen hospitals, assume the garb of dissolute chicanery, adds no pleasing reflection to the thinking mind. Neither can we behold the streets overflowed with the frail, the deluded fair, without feeling those poignant sensations which are the attendant qualities of a good heart. We pity while we condemn, and we condemn in order to reform. By knowing the consequences of evil, we are, at least ought to be, steeled against the commission of it; hence the vast importance of education—hence every beauty and deformity in a commonwealth. The evils we now lament, may be justly attributed to the false philosophy of the day—a philosophy subversive of every thing that is really valuable, and calculated only to crown the brow of vice with confidence, while it robs virtue of those lovely laurels with which she ought ever to be

adorned. Futile as are the doctrines of the new school, subversive as they are to the harmony of society; and deformed as they are in their own nature, still they seem espoused by the self-sufficient insects of the day, with a more than common zeal. But to nourish them is to nourish an unnatural adder; they are painted dogmas, that glitter for the moment: take from them their outward garb, and you shrink with horror from the monster.

Once more I returned to view the vernal beauties of the country. Two summers passed away in this happy situation. I say happy, for I felt so. I marked the progress of agriculture, and cherished the effort of industry; I delighted in administering to the wants of my fellow-creatures—their thanks, their praises, were a sufficient reward. How short-sighted are our joys.—Death deprived me of an affectionate, a dutiful father.—Peace to his memory! — My honoured parent had scarce breathed his last, ere two parliament hunters were ravaging the whole county. I was solicited by my friends to fill a station in which my honoured parent had gained universal applause. The time of election arrived. I addressed my constituents—adverted to my father's services in their behalf—and assured them mine should be equally unremitting in the discharge of those duties incumbent on a legislator. They seemed to swallow my words with adulation. My opponents respectively harangued the populace, they promised much, and much they flattered the propensities of the croud—they corrupted the constituents with gold—it reflects an indelible shame on the English nation—much of the gold flowed from a source that ought only to dispense justice, integrity, and virtue—the consequence, a triumph on their part. My cause was, however, espoused and supported by the most respectable and independant individuals in the county. From this

political struggle I discovered the imperfections of every government; in short, as long as man is the creature of habit, and the vehicle of passions, so long must there remain room for improvement.

I have already told you, that I had two sisters. The eldest of whom married Sir Robert H—, he was a generous man. They lived happy, and in affluence; and, had it not been for fashionable villainy, to this day might have continued so.—Sir Robert was generous—was importuned by friends—he readily lent his aid—but, alas! the thousands procured from the generous heart were appropriated to the discharge of gambling debts, and not a farthing did he recover. In fine, Sir Robert found himself on the brink of adversity ere he had given it a thought. There is in man a stubborn something, which we may, in a physical light, denominate velocity, in a moral pride. From this compound in our natures, we are as it were, either supported by fortitude, or depressed with fear. Sir Robert's mind was of that texture which neither can solicit nor accept pecuniary aid. He could not think of reducing his retinue—his spirits became every day more and more depressed, and this gloomy malady, in spite of every effort on the part of my sister and his friends, gained so far an ascendency, as to hasten him to the silent tomb.—My sister's sympathising heart dissolved in tenderness—soon she followed to the grave the best of men. I here could perceive the heart of Corvinus much affected.—He cast a wild look athwart the woodlands, and then proceeded thus:—"My youngest sister was beautiful as is the new blown rose, gentle as the breezes of the spring, her mind was without stain, and her manners without art. Many were the suitors who solicited her hand; it was at length resigned to Mr. S——, son of a worthy friend of my father's, and well he merited such beauty and goodness—he was a firm, generous, and noble youth.

In the autumn preceding the nuptials, Mr. S— was visited by a party of gentlemen, amongst whom was Captain R—, a hero of principles unstable as the wind. No sooner had Captain R— departed from the mansion, than Euphemia, with a sensibility characteristic of a pure mind, represented his conduct in its native colours. Such villainy caused Mr. S— to exclaim, with warmth—"that he would chastise the miscreant, and teach him that Euphemia's wrongs were his own." He did so—but in so doing he received from the fashionable culprit a wound, which, in defiance of surgical skill, hastened his dissolution. Poor Euphemia was disconsolate, alas! Euphemia, thou hadst to lament a good husband—a benevolent, a worthy soul. A few moons had only witnessed these tragical events, when, O! heavens! I was bereft likewise of my affectionate mother—this irreparable loss afforded poignant sensations to all who knew the amiable woman.—I hope I felt more than such.

Such were, my young friend, the successive misfortunes I had to witness. To me, my natal spot assumed a solemn gloom; scenes that were wont to ravish, now wore a direful aspect—spots, once pregnant with delight, recalled to my mind a painful remembrance of the past.—My friends commiserated in a manner honourable to friendship; but all, all could not dispel the marked dislike to a spot on which my infant years were so happily spent. I determined to bid adieu to yon someway endearing groves—I arranged my domestic affairs, left the management of my estate to a faithful steward, and chose me one only servant to accompany me. I travelled incog. through different counties; at length chance brought me to this romantic place—it accorded with my feelings—my faithful servant procured this humble, yet com-

fortable grot, and here have I resided for a few weeks. My mind is now tolerably composed—I derive inexpressible satisfaction in administering to the comforts of the industrious, I feel myself happy in rendering them so; I am pleased with their artless conversation, and am desirous of pleasing. Indeed, I have as yet no cause to regret leaving for awhile the sumptuous table and the downy bed; on the contrary, rather ought I to rejoice.

I listened with attention to the preceding narrative, and esteemed Corvinus for his candour. I seldom let a day escape without seeing my new friend. I beg you will accept of the following desultory journal; while I feel pleasure in the relation, it may serve to give you a faint idea how we appropriated the long summer day, and the winter's contracted one. Refulgent summer disclosed a brightening prospect all around, and with joy we viewed the laughing world. In the morn we imbibed the blissful fragrance; in the mid-day hours reclined under the shady grove, and in the evening tasted the sublimity of darkening nature. Oft we visited the surrounding cots—oft we held converse pleasing with the humble sons of contentment—and were not unfrequently struck with admiration at the depth of their reasoning. We, one morn, entered the cot of Arlonda; a variety of old mathematical instruments lay in every corner. Arlonda divested himself of a kind of power which dwelt on his forehead when first we entered his dwelling, and soon displayed wonderful powers of mind; on ascending to history and astronomy, his knowledge burst like a torrent,* he even expatiated with such warmth, that his imagination outstepped the bounds of human ken; the poor man descanted on history and the planetary system till his mind be-

* A true portrait of the author of "Modern Europe."

came totally immersed in speculative error; with difficulty we calmed his distemper. We afterwards learnt that astronomy, history, and poetry, often called forth the energy of his mind in such a manner, that in his flights of fancy every thing fell prostrate before him, amongst the rest the instruments appertaining to the sciences.

THE FISHERMAN

Dwelt in a little hovel by the river side, patience was pictured in his features, indolence in his gait, industry in his front, and in his eye anticipation—unacquainted with letters, unskilled in artifice, save in the line of his profession; mild in his nature, though a natural advocate for liberty. He had a wife and three little ones—Mary was thrifty as well as faithful; by spinning she procured some few luxuries, but then her "humble wishes never learnt to stray." It was her sole pride to nourish with tenderness her infants; to have a clean hearth, a sparkling fire, and at church to appear decent. Oh! cursed ambition, was it not for thee we should all of us travel placidly through the valley of life; war would cease to devastate, and angelic peace wanton on the plain.

THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER,

By experience stern, to learning prone, a foe to disobedience, a friend to emulation, assiduous in his avocations, regular as the coming morn; by many disapproved, by many loved. Such the man whose daily cares were to learning given, and it is a pity his cares are not more gratefully owned.

THE HUNTSMAN.

Though scanty his domains, he kept two hounds, that, like their master, well knew where the timid hare to find—true in the chace, the woods re-echoed with their sound. Murray was old, had seen better days, but still his heart bent for the chase: and oft have I seen him with his crutch following and cheering his trusty Ringwood and Juna. Alas! the old sportsman's tuneful voice is heard no more, he lays in the green churchyard, and his grave-stone bears this inscription—

Sylvan youth, when thou treadst this spot,
Think of one who, like thee, was wont
To follow with ardour the hounds.

Peace to thy memory, plain simple Murray.

With these, and characters such as these, we oftentimes held converse. Many are the tints and shades in human nature; this diversity arises from different causes, still, however, there is one universal semblance.

Autumn rewards the husbandman, and no less the contemplative mind; for who can behold the operations of DIVINITY, and not adore the great author of every thing. Gloomy winter chilled the circumjacent all, yet, to the ruminating mind, this very awful gloom affords a solemn pleasing theme. The Stranger quitted for a while his grot, and resided at my father's. It was now we spent the midnight lamp in study deep. Corvinus was, in fact, the father of the county, his fame rose like the majestic pillar. In his conduct he realised every thing worth inculcation. In acts of humanity he delighted.

Corvinus and I were one evening returning home from the adjacent city—we heard the agitated cry of distress—we hastened to the spot from whence it proceeded, and found two ladies and a gentleman in the most alarming situation. With difficulty we extricated the strangers from impending death. We were glad to find the ladies unhurt, but sorry to discover the gentleman mortally bruised. Chance at this moment brought a return post-chaise, in which we conveyed the unknown strangers to an inn, a few miles distant. A surgeon was called in to dress the gentleman's wounds. The unfortunate party were grateful—they acknowledged themselves indebted for our attention, and begged we would on the following day favour them with a call—we did so. We found the gentleman tortured with the most excruciating pains—terror shook his agonised frame—he wished to address the Great Supreme, but he knew not how to lift up his soul in prayer. He cast his eyes on Corvinus, who witnessed the agonies of his soul—he pressed his hand, and exclaimed, "O! my God, thou art all-wise, all-perfect, and justly do I suffer the gangs of guilt."—He then seemed much composed, and, in a faultering voice, thus recited the leading traits of his life—

"Kind stranger, in me you behold a wretch, an unthinking being, whose existence, though short, has been pregnant with unpardonable error—from my infancy upwards, have I violated the laws of morality—I rank with shame, as I was once wont with triumph, the seduction of many innocent women—poor Amelia E——, thy gentle spirit is before me—thy injured lover ought to curse me in his heart, for not to thee, ah! not to thee, Amelia, has he to attribute his wrongs."—

The name of Amelia E—— roused every dormant faculty in the Stranger's soul—but he forgot resentment—he felt other emotions than those of hatred for the man he had cause to deprecate.—A few hours hurled the miserable Colonel R—— into eternity.

Spring again gladdened the fields with a tinge endearing to the soul; the husbandman again resumed his toil, and all was harmony around. To his grot the Stranger once more retired. We are not to expect striking occurrences where quietness reigns—we are not to look for the daring front of commotion in scenes of solitude—no!—their all is peace and quietness. Chance one day directed us to the retired abode of Ednor, age had furrowed his cheek, but then it was the furrow of age only. There was in Ednor's manners a something peculiarly engaging—his precepts flowed from an energetic mind, they evinced the substance of reason, not the shadow. Speaking of happiness, he said, "it was the goal at which we all wished to arrive—it was an eminence to which we all aspired. In the pursuit a favoured few succeeded, but, alas! the great body deviated widely from the path that leads to it, and in doing so, were precipitated into horrid caverns, there to howl in misery." — Treating of our duties, the sage Ednor said, "that we ought to begin nothing of which we had not well considered the end—in attending to this maxim we discover, as through a glass, the light-house, and hence escape the hidden rocks." Thus, in his graver hours, the old good man discoursed; but when he pleased, a sprightlier mood he could put on, "and laughing, instruct." Monitor of my youth, well I remember thy sage precepts, and thy jocular tales—for many a sage precept and jocular tale hadst thou.

THE GENEROUS SWAIN.

Born to a comfortable fortune, Alcander lived in his youth in rustic affluence.—Arrived at that period when the heart expands herself to love, he fixed his affections on a nymph, to whom he was soon married—he now became settled in life—his children flourished like the tree planted by the river side around his table—he was happy—he knew that he was happy, and he wished others so—he thought he saw those that were not—he endeavoured, by his generosity, to banish their sorrow—but while in the goodness of his heart he alleviated their distresses, he forgot that he added to his own. "True," said Alcander, "I have repented me of my liberality when, with tears, my prattling infants have in vain asked for the comforts they had been accustomed to—I have now and then felt displeased, especially when I was obligated to leave the home of my ancestors, and seek shelter in a humbler shed—but still I feel a consolation in knowing that my name is spoken of with reverence, and, although poor, esteemed, honoured, and respected. Thank Providence, the gloomy cloud is fast dispelling—the prospect brightens—my children will protect me in my old age—will, I trust, render their memory respected—their names endearing to posterity—if they do, then am I amply rewarded for all my cares, and all my troubles.

On the winding banks of the Esk lived Almanda, and her lovely Lucinda. Fame extolled the beauty of Lucinda. Corvinus visited their peaceful mansion; Almanda and her blooming daughter received him with respect; their kindness and their elegant conversation escaped not his attention. He felt himself interested in their fate. Lucinda was fair, and, to use the language of the amiable Thomson:

Her form was fresher than the morning rose,
When the sea wets its leaves; unstained and pure
As is the lilly, or the mountain snow,
The modest virtues mingled in her eyes
——————a native grace
Sat fair proportioned on her finished limbs,
Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire.

Who then could contemplate such perfection unconcerned—Corvinus could not. From the first moment he saw Lucinda, a something more than friendship warmed his breast—love. I cannot better describe his emotions, than by inserting a few lines by a youth of my acquaintance—

A something awak'd in his breast,
He could not behold her unmov'd;
He found that his heart was opprest,
That he honour'd, esteem'd, and lov'd.

With her he at eve would stray,
On her he delighted to gaze;
All objects to him then look'd gay,
Nor thought on unhappier day.

He panted, he throbb'd for the hour,
To call the sweet charmer his own;
And fortune (his love was so pure)
Ere long his fond wishes did crown.

When the Stranger apprised Almanda of his intentions, she, good lady, heard them with delight; and soon was Lucinda acquainted with Corvinus's propositions. With downcast eyes, "darting all their humid beams into the blooming flowers, won by the charm of goodness irresistable, and all in sweet disorder lost, she blushed consent." The artless villagers will ever remember the happy day in which Corvinus led his love to Hymen's altar; for the very children strewed the path with flowrets, and every one blessed the Stranger and his lovely Lucinda.

Soon after this happy event, Corvinus received a letter from his steward, which announced the death of Sir H—— L—— who had (as we have already observed) by corruption creeped into the legislation of his country. This letter further intimated, that all were unanimous in wishing Sir Charles H——, (meaning our Stranger) in a situation from which they had hitherto so unjustly rejected him. Corvinus gave this intelligence due consideration, he discovered urgent reasons for his departure, and, in a few days, this valuable gentleman, accompanied by his lovely spouse, her mother, myself, and two servants, bid adieu for a while to yon peaceful plains. After a pleasant journey of six days, we arrived at E—— castle, and were greeted with joy. I remained at the castle till Christmas, and should indeed have stayed longer, had not Sir Charles hied him to town, in order to discharge those duties so incumbent on a member of parliament. I may observe, that the once kind Stranger is now no less distinguished in public for manly integrity, than in private for every virtue that adds a lustre to the dignity of man. His loved Lucinda is honoured, esteemed, and admired, by the virtuous part of society; as to the unthinking gay, their applause is as the fawning of a spaniel.

Having laid before you the preceding incidents, I am sure you will form no unfavourable estimate of the Stranger's character. But to elucidate it somewhat further, I shall adduce his own sentiments, as applied to two gentlemen whose estates lay adjacent to the banks of the Liddal, and so conclude a subject, productive of pleasure to my own feelings. "When we have it in our power to benefit society," said the Stranger, "to soften the labours of industry, and to ameliorate the condition of human nature—when we have it in our power to dispense happiness all around—when we

have it in our power to relieve the burthen of misery, and add to the comfort of our fellow-creatures, and neglect to do so, surely we partake more of uncivilized than civilized man. I have, since I arrived in this neighbourhood, made it my duty to visit several of the surrounding cots. I have observed the state of agriculture, and conversed with many farmers on the subject; painful to say, farmers and cottagers utter nought but execrations against Flamenius and his satellites—they curse him in their hearts, and condemn him for cruelty and pusillanimity. In truth, Flamenius scarcely reasons as a man; he allows his own understanding to be trampled on by the tyranny of others, and so becomes a tyrant himself. In his nature there is but a small portion of dignity—there is much of insignificance, and few of those noble principles, which, in fact, constitute true nobility. Flamenius doubtless possesses some few qualities of an endearing kind, and for those few he is indebted to a lovely woman, who is an ornament to her sex, a gem in society. Flamenius's steward is a diabolical monster—a frightful instrument of vengeance. The very children lisp his dispraise, and the aged, the venerable chronicles of the hamlets, gravely commit him to inevitable destruction in a state of retribution. In fine, though Flamenius's estate is extensive, and capable of improvement, it is, alas! little else than a scene of poverty.

"I have likewise explored the opposite banks of the river, and, with heart-felt joy, witnessed the exhilarating effects of industry, when animated by a benign sun. The swains are happy, they hail Antonia as their friend, their protector—they enjoy the comforts of independence, and with gratitude attribute their comforts to the noble, the distinguished Antonia. His amiable duchess is no less beloved. She is a mother to industry—a pro-

tecting angel to virtuous indigence. Under her auspices the country flourishes. A garden, fairy bowers welcome Olivo in her retreats—the infants, the youth, the husbandman, and the venerable sires of the hills and plains, recount their graces and virtues, not with the voice of flattery, but in the sincerity of their hearts. Antonia possesses a mind susceptible of manly resolves—he is sensible of the advantages of liberty, and desirous of seeing his fellow-creatures enjoy this advantage. I have heard a thousand anecdotes that redound to his immortal fame. It is honourable to be well spoken of, for who but the grovelling mind can withhold praise, where praise is due?—or who, but the coward, dares not to lash vice with a firm, a just condemnation.—Let us for a moment reflect on these two characters.—They have both nearly equal opportunities of doing good—they are both exalted by fortune—take a minute survey, my friend—you have done so—you say the one is an object grand and impressive—the other an object too, but then so deformed, so ugly, as to arouse only our detestation. It is evident that impure matter always points to one center—so do the sentiments of vicious characters. But we know that this focus of deformity will ever be considered as detestable, by the serious and virtuous part of mankind; and, impressed with the importance of this truth, we pursue with ardour the path of glory.

WRITINGS.

A METHOD of reviving writings which have been effaced, by the Oxygenated Muriatic Acid, has been discovered by Guietand, apothecary to the Grand Hospital of Humanity, formerly the Hotel Dieu, at Paris.—The sulphur of ammoniac, and the prussiate of pot-ash, are the two substances which Guietand prefers employing in the process for restoring writings which have been thus effaced. The disagreeable smell of the sulphur ammoniac will, no doubt, prevent persons from using it.—But it has the advantage of not staining the paper, while it makes the writing re-appear by the mere exposure to its vapour in a close jug, or under a glass bell. To produce this effect, however, more expeditiously, it may be proper to wet the paper in water, into which a few drops of the sulphur have been previously poured. The writing will soon re-appear of a deep brown colour, and quite legible. The prussiate of pot-ash gives a blue tinge both to the writing which has been erased, and to that which has been substituted for it, and thus furnishes an easy mode of ascertaining this species of fraud. It, at the same time, however, gives a slightly bluish colour to the paper. In using it, a quantity of water sufficient for completely wetting the paper to be submitted to this test, is first put into a common plate, or other shallow vessel; to this is added nearly a thimble full of the solution of prussiate; after well mixing it with water the paper may be put into the vessel leaf by leaf. When it is completely soaked, a few drops of sulphur, or any acid, poured into the mixture, will be sufficient to make the writing start into view. The same substance, employed according to this process, will equally revive the contents of antient manuscripts.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE *EGYPTIANS, &c.*

By the late Mr. Ledyard, the celebrated Pedestrian.

MR. LEDYARD, the first employed by the African Association, was of American extraction. Stimulated from his early youth by a violent propensity to explore unknown countries; he had lived several years with the American Indians, and studied their manners and habits; he had sailed round the world with Captain Cook, and had made this voyage in the humble station of corporal of marines, rather than relinquish the adventure. At his return from this expedition, he determined to traverse the vast continent of America from the Pacific to the Atlantic Ocean, commencing from the north western coast which Cook had partly explored, and proceeding to the eastern, with which he himself was familiar. Prevented from sailing in a commercial adventure to Nootka Sound, he determined to travel over land to Kamschatka; and for this purpose, after crossing the British channel to Ostend, he proceeded by Denmark and the Sound to Stockholm, from which he attempted to traverse the Gulf of Bothnia on the ice, but as the middle was not frozen, was obliged to return. Proceeding from Stockholm into the Arctic Circle, he walked round the head of the Gulf, and descended on the eastern side to Petersburg. There his extraordinary appearance, wanting both shoes and stockings, and the means of supplying himself with either, procured him an invitation to dine with the Portugueze ambassador, from whom he obtained a supply of twenty guineas on the credit of Sir Joseph Banks, and by whose interest he was permitted to accompany a detachment of

stores to Yakutz, 6000 miles eastward, in Siberia. From Yakutz he proceeded to Oczakow on the coast of the Kamschatkan sea, which he was prevented from crossing by the ice, and obliged to return to his former residence for the winter. At Yakutz, he was seized by two Russian soldiers in the name of the empress, and in the depth of winter, conveyed in a sledge through the deserts of Northern Tartary to the frontiers of the Polish dominions, where he was liberated, with the assurance, that if he returned to Russia he would be hanged. In the most destitute condition he arrived at Koningsberg, where the credit of Sir Joseph Banks again availed him, and he obtained the sum of five guineas, by means of which he arrived in England. He waited immediately on Sir Joseph Banks, who communicated to him the views of the African Association, and pointed out the route in which he wished Africa to be explored. Engaging at once in the adventure, Sir Joseph asked him when he would set out: "To-morrow morning," replied Ledyard, without hesitation. At this interview, Sir Joseph declares that he was struck with the manliness of his person, the breadth of his chest, the openness of his countenance, and the inquietude of his eye. Though scarcely exceeding the middle size, his figure expressed great strength and activity. Despising the accidental distinctions of society, he seemed to regard all men as his equals, and his manners were not disagreeable though unpolished. His uncultivated genius was original and comprehensive, not modelled by rule, but moulded by circumstance. From the native energy of his mind, he was adventurous and curious, and unappalled by dangers; but the strength of his judgment united caution with energy. To a man of his description, formed for dangers, and daring the arduous task of traversing the widest

part of the continent of Africa, from east to west, in the supposed latitude of the Niger, was assigned. After obtaining his instructions and letters of recommendation, Ledyard sailed from London on the 30th of June, 1788, and arrived in thirty-six days at Alexandria. Proceeding to Cairo, where he arrived August the 19th, he visited the slave-markets, and conversed with the travelling merchants of the caravans. These sources of information, generally neglected by travellers, enabled him to obtain, at a very small expence, a better idea of the African nations, and of their trade, of the position of places, of the nature of the country, the manner of travelling, &c. than would have been possible by any other method. When he had announced to the Association that his next dispatch would be dated from Sennaar, in consequence of repeated vexation from the caravan delaying its departure, he was seized with a bilious complaint, which, being incautiously treated at first, frustrated the skill of the best physicians of Cairo, and the attention of M. Rosetti, the Venetian consul.

Though the lower Egypt, having been often explored, presented no new field of observation, yet many of Ledyard's remarks cannot fail to impress us strongly with the original power of his genius. Of these remarks the most original and striking are subjoined.

OF THE EGYPTIANS.

The villages are wretched assemblages of mud huts huddled together, full of dust, lice, fleas, bed-bugs, flies, and all the curses of Moses. The Copts seem the original negro-stock, corresponding to that race in the nose and lip; their hair is curled, not close, like the negroes, but like the mulattos. In Egypt, the colour and features vary more than in any country in the same state of civi-

lization. The mummies are covered with the same wampum work that is common among the Tartars. Tatowing is as common among the Arabs as among the islanders of the South sea. The women are generally tatowed on the chin with perpendicular lines, descending from the under lip, as is practised by the women on the north-west coast of America. The nails are stained red, as among the Cochin-Chinese and northern Tartars. The Russian and Greek dress resemble each other, and both the Greek and Russian women wear a fillet round the temples. The same machines are used for diversion as in Russia, consisting of a large wheel, in the extremities of which seats are suspended, in which people are whirled over and under each other. Their music consists of a drum and pipe, both of which resemble those instruments in the south seas. Their drum is the Otaheite drum; their pipe is of cane, consisting of a long and short tube joined. Whenever the women are present, they make a noise with their mouths like frogs, particularly at weddings. The Egyptian dogs are of the same species found at Otaheite. Among the Arabs he saw a white woman, like the white Indians in the South Sea islands, and Isthmus of Darien. The Arabs engage with a long spear, like the New Zealanders. Those that inhabit the desart have an invincible attachment to liberty, like the Tartars, a propensity which can neither be conquered by the arts, nor by any modification of government.

OF THE CARAVANS.

The Mahometans in Africa are what the Russians are in Siberia, a trading, enterprising, superstitious set of vagabonds; wherever they are determined to go, they go. As they cannot afford to traverse Africa without trading by the road, they make no voyages merely commercial or merely re-

ligious; and where they are not engaged in commerce, they are not to be found. They pass to Sennaar, Darfur, Wangara, and Abyssinia, while they know little or nothing of geography, as they are able to sing, dance, and traffic without it. They trade to Darfur for slaves, gum, and elephant's teeth. The slaves of this nation are of a good form and size, quite black, with the true Guinea face, and curled short hair. The importation of negro slaves into Egypt, in a year, was estimated by M. Rosetti at 20,000. To Sennaar they carry trinkets, soap, antimony, red linen, razors, scissars, mirrors, beads; and bring back elephants teeth, gum, sennaar, camels, ostrich-feathers, and slaves. In this traffic the king of Sennaar interferes, and not only is concerned in the Sennaar caravans, but keeps an agent at Cairo to procure and contract for him. Among the Sennaar slaves Mr. Ledyard saw three personable men, of a bright olive complexion, and intelligent features, whose heads were of a singular structure and uncommon form, exceeding narrow, long, aud protuberant. The Sennaar caravan is the most rich; that of Darfur is not equally so, though it trades with almost the same commodities. This, however, can surprise no one, who considers that there are numerous circumstances which influence the internal African trade, besides the extent of the journey and the nature of the commodities. The desarts of burning and moveable sand which are to be traversed; the pestilential qualities of the suffocating winds that sweep these arid wastes, which look as if the God of nature had forgot to accomplish the work he had begun, the moral habits and social state of the savage tribes that prowl with the wild beasts over the desart, are not only sufficient to deter the adventurous merchant, but even to damp the ardour of religious bigotry.

Wangara, to which the caravans also traded, was represented to Mr. Ledyard as a kingdom producing much gold; but the king seems to have intermeddled in commerce as well as the potentate of Sennaar; for, in order to deceive strangers, and prevent them from guessing at the extent of his riches, he was reported to vary continually the gold used in barter, which it was his province to regulate, and of which he issued at one time a great quantity, and others little or none. A caravan goes from Cairo to Fezzan, which is termed a journey of fifty days; and from Fezzan to Tambuctoo, which is called a journey of ninety days. The caravans travel about twenty miles a day, which makes the distance to Fezzan about 1000 miles; and from Fezzan to Tombuctoo 1800 miles. From Cairo to Sennaar is reckoned 600 miles.

These are the principal observations made by Mr. Ledyard in Egypt: they display the depth and penetration of an understanding formed by action instead of speculative habits, unwarped by fanciful theories and prejudices of birth, accustomed to the living intercourse of men. They must impress every one with deep regret, that he did not live to attempt the arduous enterprise in which he had engaged. The person, who with such scanty funds, could penetrate the frozen regions of Tartary, and subsist among their churlish inhabitants, who could ingratiate himself with the ferocious Moors of Egypt, could hardly have failed of obtaining a kind reception from the gentle and hospitable negro, had no untoward accident intervened. The observations of this accurate observer of man upon the female character, are highly deserving of notice, and do equal credit to the strength of his understanding and the goodness of his heart. "I have always remarked, that women, in all countries, are civil and obliging, tender and humane; that they

are ever inclined to be gay and cheerful, timorous, and modest; and that they do not hesitate, like men, to perform a generous action. Not haughty, not arrogant, not supercilious; they are full of courtesy, and fond of society: more liable in general to err than man, but in general also more virtuous, and performing more good actions than he. To a woman, whether civilized or savage, I never addressed myself in the language of decency and friendship, without receiving a decent and friendly answer. With man it has often been otherwise. In wandering over the barren plains of inhospitable Denmark, through honest Sweden, and frozen Lapland, rude and churlish Finland, unprincipled Russia, and the wide-spread regions of the wandering Tartar; if hungry, dry, cold, wet, or sick, the women have ever been friendly to me, and uniformly so: and to add to this virtue, (so worthy the appellation of benevolence), these actions have been performed in so free and so kind a manner, that if I was dry I drank the sweetest draught, and, if hungry, I eat the coarse morsel with a double relish." But though the native benevolence of the female savage might sometimes soften his distress, yet he seems often to have endured the extremities of wretchedness. "I am accustomed to hardships," said he," on the morning of his departure to Africa;" "I have known both hunger and nakedness to the utmost extremity of human suffering: I have known what it is to have food given me as charity to a madman; and I have at times been obliged to shelter myself under the miseries of that character, to avoid a heavier calamity: my distresses have been greater than I have ever owned, or ever will own to any man. Such evils are terrible to bear, but they never yet had power to turn me from my purpose. If I live, I will faithfully perform, in its

utmost extent, my engagement to the society; and if I perish in the attempt, my honour will still be safe, for death cancels all bonds."

ITALIAN METHOD OF RECKONING THE HOURS.

(Extracted from a Traveller's Journal.)

A PRACTICE generally beheld by foreigners in a false point of view, is the method observed by the Italians in counting the hours. It perplexes every new-comer; and, as the greatest part of travellers every where chuse to follow their own way, and to adhere to their own rules and customs: so it is natural for them to find it a hardship, if all at once a considerable portion of their actions are entirely dislocated.

The german princes have already introduced into their Italian territories the method of counting the hours that prevails with us. The french dial, as it is called, which to the comfort of foreigners, has long been placed on the Trinita di Monte, will soon point out to travellers, both within and without side St. Peter's, their customary hours. Our way of reckoning will therefore gradually become more common; though it will continue to meet with great opposition on the part of the populace; and certainly they lose by it a proper national custom, an hereditary mode of representation, and an extremely suitable habit.

How often do we hear travellers praising the beautiful country, the happy climate, the clear blue sky, the breathing gales, and the balmy air of Italy; and all this is for the most part true, and not exaggerated. But thence it follows, that all who can pass their time in the open air, chuse to do so, and enjoy in pleasure or in business the genial breath of heaven. How many workmen of various kinds are employed in the streets and high-

ways? how many have shops quite open on all sides? how many stand out with articles of trade in the markets, the squares, and in the courts? That with such a way of life, the moment when the sun sets and the night comes on, should be more discriminate than with us, where it often happens that there is but little daylight the whole day long, is easily seen. The day is actually at an end; all business of a certain kind should likewise be ended, and this point of time, as is fitting it should with a sensible people, has the same mark from one end of the year to the other. It is now night [notte], for the twenty-fourth hour is never used in speech, as in France they say noon [midi], and not twelve o'clock. The bells ring, every one says a short prayer, the servants light up the lamps, bring them into the room, and wish felicissima notte.

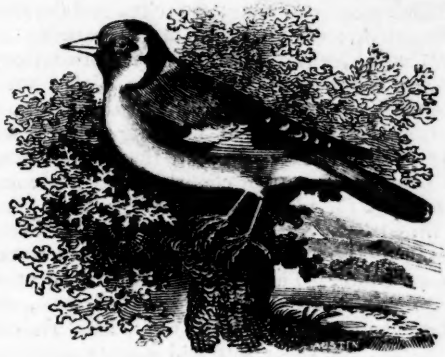
From this epocha, which always returns at sun-setting, till the next sun-setting, the time is divided into twenty-four hours; and as every one now by long habit, knows as well when it is day, as in what hour noon and midnight fall: so all kinds of reckonings are presently made, in which the Italians seem to find a pleasure and a sort of amusement. There is a natural conveniency in this way of counting the hours, in all affairs that have the smallest reference to day and night; and one easily perceives how time came to be thus divided by a large and sensible body of people.

Thus, we find all workshops, schools, public offices, banks, open at all seasons of the year, till night; and every person may transact his affairs till then. Has he leisure time upon his hands, he may continue his promenades till sun-set, then repair to certain circles, and concert with them the amusements of the succeeding day. From half past one till two in the night, all flock to the theatres. And thus a man seems to live, from the first day

of the year to the last, in the same time, because he performs all that relates to day and night in the same succession; without giving himself the smallest concern, whether, according to our mode of computation, it be early or late.

By this means, the great concourse of passengers, both on foot and in carriages, which are seen in all the great towns in Italy, especially on sundays and holidays, in the principal streets and squares; and thus at the Corso of Rome, and at the Carnival, an enormous multitude of intractable people, by this mode of reckoning the hours, are guided and managed, as it were by a string. Nay, by dividing day and night so distinctly from each other, certain bounds are set to luxury, which so readily confounds day and night together, and uses the one for the purposes of the other.

I grant that the Italian might lead the same course of life, and yet compute the hours after our method; but the instance that separates day and night, is to him, under his propitious sky, the most important epoch of the day. It is even sacred to him, as the church always enjoins the vespers according to this point of time. I took notice, both at Florence and Milan, that several persons, though the public clocks are all marked with figures in the manner of our's, yet continued their watches and regulated their domestic œconomy in the old mode of computation. From all this, to which I might add a great deal more, it will be readily acknowledged; that this method of computing time, which, to astronomers, with whom noon is the most important point of the day, may appear contemptible, and to the northern stranger convenient, is yet very well calculated for a nation who live conformably to nature, under a happy temperature of climate, and would fix the main epochs of its time in the most determinate and striking manner.



Epitome of Natural History.

No. VII.

THE GOLDFINCH.

THE bill of this beautiful bird is white, tipped with black; the forehead and chin are of a rich scarlet colour, which is divided by a line passing from each corner of the bill to the eyes, which are black; the cheeks are white; top of the head black, which extends downwards on each side, dividing the white on the cheeks from the white spot on the hind part of the head; the back, rump, and breast are of a pale brown colour; belly white; greater wing coverts black; quills black, marked in the midddle of each feather with yellow, forming, when the wing is closed, a large patch of that colour on the wing; the tips white; the tail feathers are black, with a white spot on each near the end; the legs are of a pale flesh colour.

Beauty of plumage, says the lively Count de Buffon, melody of song, sagacity, and docility of disposition, seem all united in this charming little bird, which, were it rare, and imported from a foreign country, would be more highly valued. Goldfinches begin to sing early in the spring, and continue till the time of breeding is over; when kept in a cage, they will sing the greatest part of the year. In a state of confinement they are much attached to their keepers, and will learn a variety of little tricks, such as to draw up small buckets containing their water and food, to fire a cracker, and such like. They construct a very neat and compact nest, which is composed of moss, dried grass, and roots, lined with wool, hair, the down of thistles, and other soft and delicate substances: —the female lays five white eggs, marked with spots of a deep purple colour at the larger end: they feed their young with caterpillars and insects; the old birds feed on various kinds of seeds, particularly the thistle, of which they are extremely fond.—Goldfinches breed with the Canary; this intermixture succeeds best between the cock Goldfinch and the hen Canary, whose offspring are productive, and are said to resemble the male in the shape of the bill, in the colours of the head and wings, and the hen in the rest of the body.

THE MOUNTAIN FINCH.

Length somewhat above six inches: bill yellow-blackish at the tip; eyes hazel; the feathers on the head, neck, and back are black, edged with rusty brown; sides of the neck, just above the wings, blue ash; rump white; the throat, fore part of the neck, and breast, are of a pale orange; belly white; lesser wing coverts pale reddish brown, edged with white; greater coverts black, tipped with pale yellow; quills dusky, with pale yellowish

edges; the tail is forked, the outermost feathers edged with white, the rest black, with whitish edges; legs pale brown.

The Mountain Finch is a native of northern climates, from whence it spreads into various parts of Europe: it arrives in this country the latter end of summer, and is more frequent in the mountainous parts of our island. They have been seen on the Cumberland hills in the middle of August. Great flocks of them sometimes come together, they fly very close, and on that account great numbers of them are frequently killed at one shot. In France, says Buffon, they appear sometimes in such immense numbers, that the ground where they roosted has been covered with their dung for a considerable space; and in one year they were so numerous, that more than six hundred dozen were killed each night during the greatest part of the winter. They are said to build their nests in fir trees, at a considerable height; it is composed of long moss, and lined with hair, wool, and feathers; the female lays four or five eggs, white, spotted with yellow. The flesh of the Mountain Finch, though bitter, is said to be good to eat, and better than that of the Chaffinch; but its song is much inferior, and is only a disagreeable kind of chirping. It feeds on seeds of various kinds, and is said to be particularly fond of beech mast.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

THE following anecdote is a very curious illustration both of the character of this great princess, and of the bad taste of the pulpit eloquence of her age. It is related by a contemporary; and that the *naivete* of the style may not be lost in the narrative, it is transcribed as it appeared in the original writing:

" There is almost none that waited in Queen Elizabeth's court, and observed any thing, but can tell it pleased her very much to seeme to be thought, and to be tolde, that she looked younge. The majesty and gravity of a scepter born 44 yeeres could not alter that nature of a woman in her. When Bishop Rudd was appointed to preach before her, he wishing, in a godly zeale, as well became him, that she should think sometime of mortality, being then 63 yeeres of age, he tooke his text, fit for that purpose, out of the Psalms. Psalm 90, v. 12.—*O teach us to* NUMBER *our dayes, that we may incline our hearts unto wisdom*; which text he handled most learnedly. But when he spoke of some sacred and mystical numbers, as *three* for the Trinity, *three times three* for the Heavenly Hierarchy, *seven* for the Sabbath, and *seven times seven* for a Jubilee; and lastly, *seven times nine* for the grand Climacterical Yeere (her age), she, perceiving whereto it tended, began to be troubled with it. The bishop, discovering all was not well, for the pulpit stood opposite to her Majestie, he fell to treat of some more plausible *numbers*, as of the number 666, making *Latinus*, with which he said he could prove the Pope to be Antichrist, &c. He interlarded his sermon with scripture passages, touching the infirmities of age, as that in Ecclesiastes 12.—*When the grynders shall be few in number, and they wax darke that look out of the windows, &c. and the daughters of singing shall be abased*, and more to like purpose.—The Queen, as the manner was, opened the window; but she was so farre from giving him thanks, or good countenance, that she said plainly—" he should have kept his *arithmetic* for himself, but I see the greatest clerks are not the wisest men," and so went away discontented.

" The Lord Keeper Puckering, to assuage the queen, commanded the bishop to keep his house for a time. At last, to shew how the good Bishop was deceived, in supposing that she was so decayed in her limbs and senses, as himself, perhaps, and others of that age were wont to be, she said she thanked God, that neither her stomach, nor strength, nor her voice for singing, nor fingering instruments, nor, lastly, her sight, was any whit decayed; and to prove the last, before us all, she produced a little jewell, that had an inscription of very small letters, and offered it first to my Lord of Worcester, and then to Sir James Croft, to read, and both protested *bona fide*, that they could not, yet the queen herself did find out the poesie, and made herselfe merrie with the standers by upon it."

JUVENILE RECREATIONS.

ANSWER TO ENIGMAS.

1.

List of Birds.

Swallow.	Crow.	Rail.
Thrush.	Crane.	Turkey.
Owl.	Magpye.	Man of War.
Partridge.	Dove.	Ruff.
Stare.	Dabchick.	Crown.
Parrot.	Loon.	Marten.
Wren.	Titmouse.	Starling.
Goose.	Gull.	

2. Door—Rood. | 3. Mag-pie. | 4. Nest-ling.

Enigmas, &c. for Solution.

1.

BY MRS. BARBAULD.

I often murmur, though I never weep;
I always lie in bed, yet never sleep;
My mouth is wide, and larger than my head;
And much disgorges, though it ne'er is fed.
I have no legs, or feet, yet swiftly run,
And the more falls I have, move swifter on.

2.

BY DR. DARWIN.

Where pensive meditation loves to dwell;
Where beauty's queen the golden prize obtain'd;
The May-day wreath that decks the rural cell;
What all have sought, but few, alas! have gain'd.

These four initials do compose my name,
A name to no corporeal form assigned;
Scorn'd by the gay, I court not empty fame,
The gentle tell-tale of the anxious mind.

When the soul-piercing pangs of hopeless love,
Or anxious care, the tortur'd bosom seize,
A sadly pleasing friend I often prove,
And give to sorrow momentary ease.

3.

May two fifths of my whole be for ever united,
In defiance of Thelwall and Paine!
With the three that remains we're so often delighted,
There's no fear of an end to their reign.

Three ideas the whole little word will admit;
'Tis description; 'tis person; 'tis air;
'Tis a noble's address; and, to rise higher yet,
'Tis a blessing we ask for in prayer.

QUESTION.

Which are most preferable, the pleasures of the town or country.

ESSAY

ON THE QUESTION

"Is solitude or society best calculated to promote moral improvement?"

*Given in No. 54.**

WHEN two objects are set before us, the respective merits of which we want to appreciate, no better method can, I think, be taken, than a just delineation of their parts, with the defects or excellencies that attach to either, and a line of contrast drawn judiciously between them. As opposites are more discernable than similarities through the distinct perception of our senses, the advantages or disadvantages to "moral improvement," in an entire seclusion from society, or participation of the events daily occurring in it, will shew the consequences incident to either modes of conduct in a more clear and conspicuous point of view. That much may be said on either side of the "question," is an undoubted fact, but that one hypothesis has better reasons to support it than the other, will appear to all who have made any observations on the subject, though we cannot think that all will form the same opinions from it, and think universally alike. The conduct of mankind at large, shews the predilection of the human mind for social intercourse, and evidently proves there is a tie which binds us to our fellow men. And if we take a slight survey of all those faculties

* The merit of this article entitles it to a place in the Monthly Visitor, and would have been inserted in the last number had it arrived in time. All communications intended for immediate insertion must be sent on or before the 20th of the month, at which time the arrangement closes for the current number.

with which the Deity has blessed us, we shall find some, that if we were not designated for society, were altogether useless and unnecessary. The solitary absentee may fondly feast his mind with the idea that a hasty retrocession from society, and its deceitful blandishments, is admirably calculated to establish him in virtue, rectify his judgment, and subdue his passions, to that state of rational submission recommended by the dictates of dispassionate examination.—Does he not contract his sphere of action, and diminish the benevolent sensations of his heart by such a mode of conduct? Will the deep commiserative tear roll down his cheek when the reality is distant from his view? A separation from society may check the ill effects of bad example, but it certainly precludes the possibility of profiting by good ones. To a contemplative mind good may be educed from evil, and solitude or society be made subservient to "moral improvement," yet I am inclined to believe the shades of one are not to be compared with the changeful prospects of the other. While the solitary wanderer is void of all intelligence, but what the labours and remarks of others give, the friendly intimate of man not only has these means, but opportunities of seeing that which strikes with horror, or delight—calls forth our sympathy—excites our indignation, or dilates the human mind with every just and generous sentiment. The odiousness of vice is equally, or more apparent, and the lovely form of virtue shines amidst the scorching fire of tribulation supereminent above that weak and sickly emanation that retires from off the field of action, fearful of a contest, and devoid of that self-government which constitutes true dignity and fortitude. Solitude affords a tedious iteration of employ—one constant, oft returning, and unchanging round—a vacuum, where not one sprightly pleasure rises to

dispel the melancholic sadness, or diversify the scene. A sleepy listlessness and yawning satiety, the natural consequents upon this state, retards a quick advancement in the paths of "moral" knowledge; blunts the edge of feeling, and obliterates those traces of benevolence which minds well organised have for all around. Can he who shuns the post (for post it is), in which the Deity has placed him, be fully sensible of all the duties that he owes to God and to society? What lovely passions do we call in exercise when we desert that circle of our fellow creatures which supported us in tender infancy—instilled virtuous sentiments into our minds, and guided our unwary feet in safety through the mazy paths of youthful volatility? What reverence is paid to that divine religion, founded on those two important principles—a genuine LOVE to GOD, united with a genuine LOVE to MAN, the creature of his hands? Does he pursue the path that leads to an improvement in morality, who chooses that sequestered state, where all the passions of the heart sleep in the cold embraces of torpidity? For nothing else than sleep can it be termed, when no object rises to rouse them into action, and call forth their latent energies. Man acts from motives, be those motives weak or strong as it respects inherent cogency; and as our minds are ornamented with a large variety of moral feelings and propensities, when objects croud upon it and lie open to our sight, as lovely or abhorrent, an impression is engraven on our hearts, that leads us to approve or to condemn. Now all will chearfully admit that solitude is sought because it seems to offer an asylum from the gnawings of chagrin and disappointment—and the yet more wretched case of those who feel the keenest lash which human malice can inflict, or wicked ingenuity devise.—Though all these evils do not hunt and cling about

the lonely devotee—yet is it not apparent that he lessens his enjoyments, and contracts the narrow inlets by which man attains all present knowledge. All the baser passions that afflict the world are means for ends, and are not pregnant with that mischief our imagination may pourtray. Iniquity is requisite, that virtue may appear, and every individual vice, that its opponent grace may shine.—By contrast, and by that alone, we know the worth of any thing—nor could the utmost stretch of reason give the estimate of health, had sickness never sown its poisonous seeds within our frame.—There are, I think, but two grand motives which induce a man to quit society and rush into its opposite—the first arises from a train of disappointments, ending in disgust—the latter from a constitutional affection, which intirely incapacitates them from performing their respective duties.—Over the last humanity can only drop the friendly tear, and pity take possession of the heart.—But of the former, how self-evident the fact that it originates too often in ourselves; and while we reprobate mankind for stabbing our repose, we give the dagger point, and aim the falling blow. Too sanguine hopes and ardent expectations, are another source from which this ill proceeds; but every man is sensible that ere we pass a judgment on society, we separate appendages from just reality, and build our arguments for solitude upon the fair and temperate ground of impartiality. — That numerous dreadful "moral" evils sweep along the avenues of life, and toss ten thousand by their eddying whirl into the jaws of mental depravation, every day's experience lamentably proves; but then, how few of all these evils flow from actual design, and wilful baseness of the heart. Who is there that has not been lifted up as destitute of every good and moral principle, yet felt his heart attuned to the

finest chords of an exalted virtue—and how often, on the other hand, have circumstances proved our mistakes, and laid us under obligations to retract opinions published among our friends respecting a traduced character. The errors of mankind rise more from JUDGMENT than from WILL, and in this state of dark obscurity, instead of giving way to that oft groundless passion and intolerant disgust, that kind, goodnatured virtue charity, should regulate our steps. The want of moral principles, which some display in the discharge of civil and commercial duties, should excite discretionary prudence, and a caution that affords security against their fraudful and unjust designs. But though the graces that adorn humanity be all extinct, the lesson is not less instructive, but confirms the mind, that strict uprightness only can afford a permanent felicity. A highly criminal depravity may seem to overspread the globe; but if we search the hamlet, village, town and city, they have patterns worthy of imitation and esteem.—And though the bulk are vicious, yet their actions are conspicuously prominent, and stand as marks beside our path to shew where others fell and we should walk. As moral truth is built upon immutable foundations; and not governed by the vicissitudes of circumstances, times and situations, no high barriers can impede his course who seeks the path of duty, and endeavours to refine his passions, purify his mind, and regulate his conduct, by the rules of natural morality, improved by the heavenly precepts of inspired writ. 'Tis here we see our duty drawn in lines discernable by the illiterate eye, and all the mystery that clouded the relations of the heathen world dispelled by the sun of revelation. Oh ye advocates of solitude, can ye fulfil the services ye owe to man, when your desertion places you beyond the reach of social intercourse? Can ye experience

the reciprocation of endearments, or enjoy those sympathetic feelings that do honour to our natures? Does sorrow heave your breast when others weep, and an expansive bliss possess your souls when joy relumes their face? Can your compassion be as active and as warm as his who holds the cup to pale affliction's parched body, and soothes his agonizing mind?

No radiant pearl which crested fortune wears,
No gem that twinkling hangs from beauty's ears,
Nor the bright stars which night's blue arch adorn,
Nor rising suns that gild the vernal morn,
Shine with such lustre, as the tear which breaks
For OTHERS woe, down vitrue's manly cheeks."

DARWIN.

'Tis only in the school of active life that lessons can be found subservient to moral purposes; for all the thoughts and means which occupy the mind of the recluse, owe here their first original; so that society, in every point of view, has been his benefactor, and supplied him with every mean that has accelerated his improvement.—The wide distinctions that subsist between the virtuous and vicious character, would ever have been wrapped in the misty thickness of obscurity had not man trod upon the theatre of intercourse—observed every scene—remarked every part—its actor—his respective merit—and the worthlessness or value of the whole performance.—While disgust, produced by the stings of disappointment lasts, a blooming vigour may pervade his mind (as party spirit lives while acrimony hurls its darts), but as the hand of time is constantly erasing the impression, animosity will cease, and dereliction die away—if they should continue, what morality is his, who shuns an object which his reason tells him is afflicted with a thousand stabs and bleeding wounds.—Unlike the good Samaritan, he tenders no relief; but, like the Levite and his friend, just casts a look, and seems to

wish that heaven may work a miracle and send him salve and bandages to heal his mangled frame.—Ah! tell me not of moral feelings and of virtue in a man who, though INFECTIOUS evils may prevail, forgetting what humanity dictates, should shun, and by example teach the saviour of the earth the same, an hapless and afflicted victim, struggling without aid, beneath the deep malignancy of a disease.

June 22, 1801. OSMATH SEMIAH.

EGYPT.

DESCRIPTION OF DAMIETTA AND ITS ENVIRONS.

DAMIETTA is larger, and not less agreeable than Rosetta: it forms a semi-circle on the eastern shore of the Nile, two leagues and a half from its mouth it contains about 80,000 inhabitants. The houses, especially near the river, are very high; most of them have pleasant saloons, built on the terraces, in which charming places open to every wind, the Turk, indolently seated on his sofa, passes his life in smoaking, viewing the sea on one side, and the Nile on the other: various grand mosques, with high minarets, ornament the city.

Multitudes of boats and small vessels incessantly fill the port of Damietta. There is a great trade between this city and Syria, Cyprus, and Marseilles. The Christians of Aleppo and Damascus, for many ages established here, carry on the principal trade; they are suffered to grow rich by Turkish indolence, which contents itself with occasional extortions.

What is most disadvantageous to the trade of Damietta is its defective harbour; the road where vessels lie being totally exposed, every gale that rises, the captains are obliged to slip their cables, and take refuge at Cyprus, or keep the open sea. By cutting a canal of half a league only, it would be easy to give ships a free

entrance into the Nile, which is deep; and this small expence would render Damietta a fine harbour.

The slip of land where Damietta is built, shut in on one side by the river, and on the other by the lake Menzalch, is only from two to six miles wide, east and west. Rivulets intersect it in every direction, and render it the most fruitful part of Egypt. The rice in common yields 80 bushels for one, and other products are in the same proportion. Here nature, eminently and profusely displaying her riches and her pomp, presents the year round, fruits, flowers, and harvests! She withers not in winter; and fades not in summer! She is neither scorched nor frozen! Verdure is no where so fresh as here; trees no where so loaded with fruit!

There are many villages round Damietta; most of them have manufactures, where the finest Egyptian cloth is made, particularly napkins, much in request, at the end of which is silk fringe; they are brought to table, especially on visits of ceremony: the slave presents one to wipe the mouth after drinking sherbert. Round these villages usually are small woods, where the trees, planted promiscuously, have an uncommon and picturesque effect. Besides the sycamore and gloomy tamarind, the elegant capia grows, with clustering yellow flowers, resembling those of the cytisus; the top of the date, loaded with clusters, loads it above the bower: and near its shade the citron and orange rise, or over the peasant's cottage extend their golden fruit. The long-leaved banana, the scarlet-flowered pomegranate, and the sweet-fruited fig, scatter charming variety. Often straying among their meandering paths, shaded on one side by trees, and on the other by clustering reed, impervious to sight, I have unexpectedly found myself on the banks of the great lake Menzalch. Here a different prospect arose; thousands of boats were employed in fishing or spreading nets for the innumerable birds which hither come in search of abundant food, and a temperate climate. I wish to paint nature such as I have seen her a thousand times round Damietta; but I feel myself unequal to the task. Imagine all the delights that running brooks and fresh verdure, all the odour that orange flowers, all that mild

suavity, a balsamic air, and a most enchanting horizon, can impart, and you will then have but a feeble idea of the small slip of earth included between this expansive lake and the overflowing Nile.

A mile south-west of the town is an orange grove, to which the inhabitants resort. This is the only place where art has any way aided nature; no where else are the trees planted in rows. Here I almost daily went, especially during February, March, and April, when the orange is in flower. No words can express the pleasure of breathing the cool and perfumed air of these delightful shades. The unmutilated trees are above 30 feet high, and their intermingled branches and thick foliage, all in bloom from top to bottom, wholly exclude the sun's rays. Each orange tree is a vast nosegay, the flowers of which almost conceal the leaves, forming together the most beautiful canopy ever beheld. There is a small rivulet beside each row, and twice a day a reservoir is opened, by which the trees are watered. It is intoxication of pleasure to walk here at noon; never did I so forcibly feel all the delicious enjoyments that odours and aromatics can inspire. Here, in these hot climates, was I convinced that such sweets, far from injuring, are even necessary to health.

THE NILE FROM CAIRO TO DAMIETTA.

On the 15th of February, says the journalist, I went from Damietta in a canjoi, or boat, built for pleasure. A faithful Janissary, and an Arabian servant accompanied me, all well armed; a very necessary caution on the banks of the Damietta, where attacks are continual.

We left Boulan about one o'clock, with a serene sky, and a heat as temperate as one of the finest days of our spring. The inundation had been over about six weeks, and the waters of the Nile incessantly decreased. The current being rather slow, and the north wind blowing, the men were obliged to take to their oars. Wheat and barley began to ripen. The Indian millet was a foot high; and the third crop of lucern was springing. Cucumbers and water melons spread

their inflexible branches over the river banks, and beans were almost ripe. The foilage of the trees was verdant, but differently tinctured, and the orange and the citron were in flower. Such was the aspect of the country on the 15th of February.

WATERS OF THE NILE.

The waters of the Nile, lighter, softer, and more agreeable to the taste than any I know, greatly promote the health of the inhabitants. All antiquity acknowledge their excellence, and the people drink them with a kind of avidity, without ever being injured by the quantity. Being lightly impregnated with nitre, they are only a gentle aperient to those who take them to excess.

CLIMATE.

An ancient historian says, that the Egyptians are the most healthy people on earth, which advantage they owe to the salubrity of the air, and temperature of the climate, which seldom varies. But M. Savary observes, that there is an unhealthy season in Egypt. From February till the end of May, the south winds blow at intervals, and load the atmosphere with a subtle dust, (which makes breathing difficult) and drive before them pernicious exhalations. Sometimes the heat becomes insupportable, and the thermometer suddenly rises 12 degrees. The inhabitants call this season Rhamsin, fifty, because these winds are mostly felt for fifty days, between Easter and Whitsuntide. It must not, however, be supposed that this wind, which in a few hours corrupts meat and animal substances, blows fifty days. Egypt would become a desert. It seldom blows three days together, and sometimes is only an impetuous whirlwind, which rapidly passes, and injures only the traveller overtaken in the deserts. These whirlwinds of sand have buried caravans and armies.

M. Savary maintains, in opposition to M. Paw and other modern authors, that the plague is not a native disorder of Egypt, but is commonly brought from Smyrna and the Turkish ports. It always stops in the month

of June, or those who catch it then are always cured. Excess of heat and cold seems to be equally destructive of this dreadful contagion; winter kills it at Constantinople, and summer in Egypt; it seldom reaches the polar circle, and never passes the tropic.

The European stands aghast with fear at the calamities it produces in Grand Cairo. This city is computed to contain from 8 to 900,000 inhabitants.—They are so crowded that 200 citizens here occupy less space than 30 at Paris. The streets are very narrow, and always full of people, who crowd and jostle each other; and the passenger is sometimes obliged to wait several minutes before he can make his way. One person with the plague will communicate it to an hundred.

The Mahometans die in their houses, public squares, and streets, without one of them endeavouring to save himself. The Europeans, who shut themselves up, and avoid communication, alone escape the general disaster.

All do not die that are attacked, but I have been assured, that the plague sometimes carries off 300,000 people from Grand Cairo.

The Turks use no precautions to prevent the plague; they say it is fate; nor is quarantine performed at one single port.

The Cabinet of Mirth.

"Here let the jest and mirthful tale go round."

SAILING ON LAND; OR, AN HUMOROUS EQUESTRIAN DISASTER.

A BRITISH sailor, some time ago, having occasion to take a journey of ten or twelve miles into the country, hired a horse for that purpose, and having never been on horseback before, he asked one of his messmates how he should conduct himself. The latter told him, all that he had to do, was to take care the horse did not *run away*

with him. The other began to consider how he should avoid such a mischance, and at last hit on a scheme for that purpose. He took a small anchor belonging to one of the boats, and having fixed ten or twelve fathom of rope to it, he tied one end of the rope about the horse's neck, and took the anchor up before him, to be ready for casting in case of any disaster. The horse went very well for the first four or five miles, till feeling himself galled by the rubbing of the anchor on his neck, he set off in full speed, and our equestrian finding himself in danger, determined to *bring up.* He therefore let go the anchor, and the horse having run out his cable, brought up with such a jerk, that he threw his rider five or six yards before him, dislocated his shoulder, and cured him effectually of any wish to make further improvements in the art of *sailing on land!*

A POPULAR STANZA WELL APPLIED.

Horace Walpole wrote a catalogue of *royal and noble authors*; *the witty speeches* which have been made by *royal and noble personages*, from the earliest times to the present, perhaps would fill a sufficient number of pages to make *a thin pamphlet.* One of the best that has been recorded, was by the late Duke of York,—who soon after his brother's accession, went one morning to St. James's in a very dejected state: the king, with great good nature, asked him what ailed him,—why he was so low spirited, &c. "Why I am so low spirited," said the duke, "who can be otherwise that is in my situaion?—eternally teized by my creditors, and not a penny to pay them!" The king directly opened his escrutoire, and presented him with a bank note, in which the Duke very deliberately read aloud as follows—"*The Governor and Com-*

pany of the Bank of England,—promise to pay to Daniel Race or Bearer, One Thousand Pounds!" at which word,—without waiting to return his thanks, or making the customary *congée*, he stalked out of the room, singing in a very loud voice, and a chearful key,—

"God save great George our King,
Long live our noble King,—God save the King;
Send him victorious,—happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,—God save the King!"

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE.

During the reign of George I. Sir Richard Steele had the direction of his Majesty's company of comedians. Plays were then frequently performed in the great hall of the palace at Hampton-court, for the entertainment of the royal family. His Majesty once commanded Henry VIII, (which by the way is a sort of dramatic chronicle of an old English court), to be presented before him. When the performance was concluded, the Earl of Sunderland meeting Sir Richard in the colonnade, asked him with his accustomed gravity, "how the king liked the play?" "*Why faith my lord,*" replied Steele, "*so terribly well, that I was afraid I should have lost all my actors! for I really thought his Majesty would have kept them to fill those posts at court, which he saw them so very fit for in the play.*"

A PARSON AND A CORKSCREW.

Lord S——h, not very eminent for his reverence of the clerical habit, being once in company where there were a number of clergymen, offered, in a whisper, to lay a considerable wager with the gentleman that sat next to him, that among the ten

parsons there was not one prayer-book. The wager was accepted, and a mock of dispute gave him occasion to ask for a prayer-book to decide it. They had not one. He soon after privately offered to lay another wager with the same gentleman, that among the ten parsons there was half a score corkscrews. This also was accepted and the butler, being previously instructed, coming into the room with a bottle of claret, and a broken corkscrew, requested any gentleman to lend him one. Every priest who was present had a corkscrew in his pocket.

A CAUTION TO CELIA.

A young girl, who had a croud of prosaic and poetical suitors, once telling an intelligent man who had long paid his addresses to her, that *her other admirers praised her much more than he did*, he sent her the following Stanzas:

You've been told that your bosom's like *snow*,
But that's for the sake of the jest;
'Tis as *cold*, says the languishing beau,
With a sigh as his accents exprest.
Though your eyes are as dim as a whiting's
To rubies they're surely compar'd,
But to Waller, and other men's writings,
You'll find the bard has repair'd.

Then take this Advice.

When Stephon writes encomiums on your eyes,
Look in your glass!—you'll be convinc'd *he lies*;
If chance he makes *extempore's* on your hair,
Bid him read Cowley, *and he'll find them there*;
And if he writes—"*in flames I do expire*,"—
Be sure you put his verses in the fire.

At Workington, lately, a speculator in socks and buskins, agreed with some of the performers,

whose engagements had finished at Whitehaven, to play George Barnwell and Barnaby Brittle, for which they were to receive a specific sum. The Manager placed himself at the door, and received the money; the house filled, and after several hours delay, one of those who should have been a performer, came forward to announce that there could be no play, as the Manager had *run away with the money*.

Beauties of the Drama.

PICTURE OF HAPPINESS IN THE MARRIED STATE.

(From Noble Lie, a Comedy.)

PASTOR TO AMELIA.

AH, Madam! when two fond hearts unite, there can be no disagreeableness in the marriage state—the bless'd couple take their journey through life happily together!—where the path is occasionally strewed with thorns, their diligence and cheer soon render it clear! Should a river impede their way, the man assists the woman over it—or if there be a rock to ascend, he takes her by the hand!—Patience and Love are their companions—and what would be deemed impossible by *one*, their *united* application renders facile!—having climb'd the rock—*she* then takes *him* by the hand and comforts him after his fatigue! Pleasure and pain are never separately felt, for the heart of the one can never throb with pain, if the heart of the other glows with pleasure! Both smile or both weep—their joy is more extatic than divided joy—their grief less poignant than solitary grief; participation increases the one and diminishes the other! Thus are their days like summer days, though showers now and then may fall; but show-

ers refresh the face of nature, and the sun bears additional lustre when he re-appears from a cloud.

MEINAU TO HORST.

Every morning I awake, the hope of enjoying a happy day awakens with me! My wife is generally up first, and arranges her household affairs during my morning slumber. She comes, neatly dressed, to meet me when I open my chamber-door, and in each hand brings my two children, equally clean, and by herself equipped! I remember when I was accustomed on first rising to look out of the window, and see if the sky was serene and the sun bright—but there is always sunshine where there is a good wife!—I see no clou ed sky, I hear no beating rain, when I behold a countenance adorned with smiles!—There, on yon sopha, I sit down to breakfast, with my dear Julia by my side—young William here, and little Fanny there—and thus we eat, drink, chat—and, indeed, so far forget ourselves, that we almost believe we are the sole masters of the world!—Oh! brother, you little think how much I value yonder seat! there we divert the long winter's evenings with a book, with chess, or with the children—while, like children, we play ourselves—what sweet sensations are here exchanged—my soul I find always in her's, but of a more refined, engaging nature.—After breakfast I go to the meadows, for I am now become a great farmer; Francis and I are complete adepts in agriculture, I assure you. We receive from Zurich every new publication on husbandry, and frequently make experiments, which sometimes succeed, and sometimes fail.—My dear Julia, with her work in her hand, and smiles on her face, stands often admiring us—commending and jeering us alternately.—At noon we retire to a comfortable repast, prepared by our own hands.—Every one

sits down to table with a cheerful countenance and good appetite. Little or nothing escapes our mouths the first quarter of an hour, for they are stopped with the cabbages and potatoes; but when the cheese is brought, and Fanny reaches the wine, then we begin to wag the tongue—then we send round the merry jest, which gives no offence, yet seasons the fruit after dinner! Sometimes I hear the children repeat the lessons that have been taught—yes—taught by their mother—for she is their only Governess. In natural history, her knowledge I find equal to mine, and in worldly matters she far exceeds me. The little rogues surprise me often with their judicious remarks on the beauties of the German and French authors.—They seem in their infancy to have imbibed their mother's sentiments. Fanny already plays (and very prettily, I assure you) on the piano-forte; in this, likewise, she was instructed by her mother—for they have all through *her*—and I have all through *them*. Once I was tied to life by a mere—weak thread—but now I am fettered to it by Julia, with a magic chain! Life for her sake, is now my only wish!—

THE REVERSE.

(From the Natural Son.)

WHEN interested views, too often termed by the world *prudence*—when parental authority—when rashness and caprice guide the connubial bands, the matrimonial state has nothing then agreeable in it!—the unwilling captives tread with volatile steps, but drag along their galling chains through unavailing repentance! Both countenances betray disgust!—Every retrospect brings to mind their forfeited happiness, which the delusive hand of Fancy depicts in strong colours, and the more

tempting as they are more distant—idle notions—which never might have been, had not their marriage been, but which the hearts now entertain, the hands being joined!—Notions which continually oppress the mind, and render grief more piognant than if patient resignation had been called in to their relief.—Each gradually begins to look upon the other as the hateful cause of their misery! Their very language is full of gall, their embraces cold with satiety!—To none are they more ready to give offence, and from none more prone to take offence than from each other! They behold with apathy their partner's conduct, though in a stranger it would give every satisfaction.

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE PARTS OF WOMEN PLAYED BY MEN AT THE THEATRE OF ROME.

THERE is no place in the world where the times long past, so forcibly and on so many occasions address the observer, as at Rome. There, among several more customs, they have also accidentally preserved one, which in all other places, has been almost totally laid aside.

The ancients, at least in the best times of arts and manners, permitted no woman to make her entrance on the stage. Their dramas were either so composed, that women were more or less dispensible: or the female characters were performed by an actor who had particularly trained himself to them. This practice is still preserved in modern Rome and the other territories of the church; except Bologna, which city, among other privileges, enjoys that of allowing women to be admired on the stage.

So much has been said in blame of this roman custom, that I may perhaps be permitted to say

somewhat in its praise; at least (for fear of seeming too paradoxical) if it be only to call the attention to a relic of antiquity.

Nothing concerning the opera is here intended; as the fine and flattering voices of the castratos, to which moreover the female habits seems far more suitable than the manly dress, easily reconcile us with whatever might occasionally appear an impropriety in the cloathing of the figures.

I presuppose, as in all such cases we must, that the parts are adapted to the manner and abilities of the performers. A condition, without which no theatre, and hardly the greatest and most various actor, could subsist.

The modern Romans have in general a great fancy for changing the dresses of the two sexes in masquerades. During the carnival a number of young fellows go about habited as females of the lowest class, and seem to take great delight in this disguise. Coachmen and lacquays frequently make a very decent figure as women, and especially if they are young and good-looking fellows, and are handsomely dressed. On the other hand, one sees ladies of the middle station as Pulcinello's, and the women of fashion look well and even beautifully in the officer's uniform. Every one seems to enjoy this frolic, in which we have all, when children, been often delighted; as an agreeable prolongation of juvenile follies. It is curious to see how both sexes appear to amuse themselves in this self-creation, by usurping as much as possible the prerogative of Tiresias.

In like manner, the young men who devote themselves to the performance of female characters, take incredible pains to attain at perfection in their art. They observe the looks, the motions, the deportment of ladies in the nicest manner; they do their utmost to ape them in every particular, and

give their voice the softness and melody of that sex, even when they cannot alter its deeper tone; in short, they strive as far as in their power lies, to divest themselves entirely of their sex. They are as enamoured of every new fashion as any woman in the world can be; they employ the first-rate milliners to dress and adorn them; and the principal actress of a theatre is very successful when she makes so complete a figure.

As to the under-parts, they, generally speaking, are not so well filled; and it is not to be denied, that Columbine is often unable entirely to conceal her blue-beard. But as great improprieties are seen in the generality of the rest of the theatres, in respect to the under-parts; and, excepting in the very capitals of other kingdoms, where greater care is taken of the stage, there is frequently much reason to complain of the unskilfulness of performers of the third and fourth orders, and of the failure in the illusion that this occasions.

I attended the roman theatre not free from prejudice: but I soon found myself reconciled, without thinking of it; I felt a pleasure hitherto unknown to me, and I remarked that many others shared in it likewise. I strove to find the cause; and it seems to be: that in this representation, the idea of imitation, the sentiment of art, always remain alert, and by rhe proper performance only one kind of conscious illuson is produced.

We recollect to have seen an expert young man on the London stage, perform old characters with the completest deception, and we cannot but recollect at the same time, the two-fold pleasure that actor gave us. In like manner, a double satisfaction arises from hence, that these persons are not ladies, but ladies represented. The young man has studied the peculiarities of the female sex in their whole manner and deportment; he under-

stands them, and exhibits them to our view in quality of an artist; he acts not himself, but a third, and properly a foreign nature. We enter so much the more deeply into this representation, as every one has observed them, every one has considered them, and it is not the subject, but the result of the subject, that is represented before us.

Now, as all art is thus eminently distinguished from simple imitation; so it is natural that at such a representation we should feel a peculiar kind of pleasure and overlook many imperfections in the execution of the whole.

It must indeed be necessarily understood, as was hinted above, that the parts must be suitable to this kind of acting.

Thus the public could not refuse a general applause to the Locandiera of Goldoni.

The young man who represented the hostess, exhibited the various shades of the character as accurately as possible. The sedate coldness of the girl, who is active and industrious in her affairs, is civil, friendly, and officious to all, but has no mind either to love or to be beloved, still less is disposed to hearken to the amorous passions of her principal guests; the private tender coquetteries by which she contrives to captivate her male visitors; the wounded pride she shews on being treated roughly and unkindly by one of them; the various delicate blandishments by which she artfully entices this very man to her; and at last the triumph at having even made a conquest of him!

I am persuaded, and have even been witness to it, that an able and intelligent actress may entitle herself to great applause in this character: but the latter scenes, represented by a lady, will always offend. The expression of that unimpressible coldness, that delicious sentiment of revenge, the insolent joy at having done mischief, would shock us

with its intemperate truth; and when she at last gives her hand to the menial servant in the house, only that she may have one servant at home, we should be but little satisfied with the catastrophe of the piece. Whereas, on the roman theatre, it is not the unamiable coldness, the female insolence itself, the representation only reminds the audience of it; they comfort themselves with the thought, that at least for this time it is not real. They gave hearty claps of applause to the young actor, and were pleased that he had displayed so thoroughly a knowledge of the dangerous talents of the beloved sex; and, by a happy imitation of their behaviour, in a manner avenged us on the fair, for all the thing of a like nature that we suffer from them.

I repeat it then; the audience here felt the pleasure of seeing, not the matter itself, but its imitation; not of being entertained by nature, but by art; not of being shewn an individuality, but a result.

To this must be added, that the figure of the actor was well adapted to a person of the middle class of life.

And thus Rome has preserved to us, among its numerous remains, this old method, though more incomplete; and even though every one shall not be pleased with it, yet the man of reflection will find in it an opportunity of bringing back to his imagination the manners of those ancient times, and is more disposed to credit the testimonies of the old writers; who assure us, in different places, that there were actors who carried their art to such a pitch, as, even in female habits, to charm a nation of taste.

For the Monthly Visitor.

FATAL EFFECTS OF SEDUCTION,

A TALE. 165

(Continued from page [illegible])

MEN boast of their triumphs over women, what do they boast of—truly the creature of sensibility was surprised by her sensibility into folly, into vice, and the dreadful reckoning falls heavily on her own weak head, when reason wakes; for where art thou to find comfort, forlorn and disconsolate fair one—since he that ought to have directed thy reason, and supported thy weakness, has betrayed thee. MARY WOLLSTONECROFT.

AS soon as the decease of the aged cottager was announced at the Priory, Mrs. Fitzcary humanely gave orders for the funeral; which was conducted in a decent and simple way—poor Maria was by her benevolent benefactress provided with mourning suitable to her circumstances; and as she thought it improper for her to continue alone at the cottage, she offered her a residence at the Priory till such time as she could otherwise provide for her—which Maria gladly accepted, when domesticated in the household of Mrs. Fitzcary, her employment was easy, and her situation in every respect comfortable; the only restraint she lay under was, that of keeping herself as much as possible out of the way of gentlemen; and never, if by chance she saw them, to hold any conversation with them; these injunctions Mrs Fitzcary laid on her in a solemn and impressive manner, at the same time adding many serious admonitions for her future conduct—poor Maria's checks were tinged with blushes, as she listened in silent but profound attention to the discourse of her benefactress—she con-

tinued for several weeks to abide by the instructions she had received—to weep unobserved was the greatest luxury she enjoyed, and regret at being denied the sight of Frederick, mixed with the tears which the impulse of nature occasioned her to shed, for the loss of her parent. One delightful evening towards the decline of the summer, being oppressed with a heaviness of spirits, brought on by close application to sedentary employment, Maria strolled into the park to relieve the lasritude that had crept over her—Mrs. Fitzcary had a large party in the drawing-room, who were then taking tea—apprised of this circumstance, she flattered herself that she should enjoy an hours relaxation unobserved—she wandered for some time pensively through the rich and picturesque scenery that surrounded the Priory, without seeing a human being—at length, a seat under a majestic oak, invited her attention—she advanced towards it, part of it was concealed from her observation, owing to its being of circular form, and standing surrounded by a clump of furs, as she approached, she observed a figure reading—her heart beat violently—two seconds more convinced her that it was Frederick—she paused, breathless with expectation, terror, and uncertainty—she looked anxiously around—no living soul was near, this is the moment thought Maria, to thank him once more for all his kindness, and bid him farewell for ever—this thought was no sooner conceived than it was executed—and as Maria advanced with trembling steps and agitated heart—Frederick raised his eyes from the book, and no sooner saw Maria, than he threw it violently from him, and hastily advanced to meet her—at that moment the restrictions and solemn admonitions of Mrs. Fitzcary rushed upon her memory, and she answered the rapturous exclamations of Frederick with sobs and tears—his tender complaints at being so long denied the sight of her, excited her warmest gratitude—and with her natural frankness she informed him, of Mrs. Fitzcary's commands. Soothed by his caresses, her spirits became more chearful, and she related to him without reserve, all the

particulars of her situation—in which he affected to find a great deal to pity, and something to complain of—he tenderly insinuated that such close confinement would be injurious to her health; that it was at her age unnatural to expect that she should so strictly abide by the frigid rules of prudence—and voluntarily exclude herself from the society of a friend, so much interested for her happiness as he was—"but Mrs. Fitzeary says, my reputation will be injured," cried his artless *companion*. Ah! Maria, replied Frederick, how little does Mrs. Fitzeary know my heart; and how injurious are her suspicions of my principles—I am your friend, Maria—and, under that sacred name, your character is sure—I will neither injure your reputation, or trifle with your peace—to all these fine profesions, Maria paid implicit confidence—their walk was protracted far beyond the time that she had intended staying out—and even when they separated with reluctance from each other—and Frederick extorted a promise from her of seeing him again the following evening, if she could make her escape, unobserved from the house—which he then entered by a public avenue fronting the lawn, while Maria, by an obscure passage gained her own chamber—without encountering either inquiry or interruption, when alone, her tears flowed anew at the recollection of her own imprudence—she pictured to herself the severe and majestic look of her benefactress—frowning on her temerity—but how eagerly did her imagination quit that oppressive subject; to revel on the tenderness, the raptures, the caresses of Frederick—sleep favoured the pretended absent friend—and fancy spread her gay delusions over the imaginations of Maria—She fancied Frederick was leading her through flowery vales and delightful meadows, at one time he was pointing out a precipice that might have been fatal, and at another protecting her from the assaults of danger, at the hazard of his life—the morning aroused her from these illusive visions—she arose unrefreshed, and performed her accustomed occupations with more reluctance than usual—the evening came, her spirits

again experienced a most painful degree of agitation; prudence, and the dread of Mrs. Fitzcary's anger, combated for some time the imperious voice of inclination, and might have been finally triumphant—if a soft tap at the chamber door, which was the appointed signal agreed on, had not informed her, that Frederick was hastening to the spot appointed for their meeting: prudence and terror yielded to the wild impulse of desire—she tied on her bonnet, and stole softly from the house—another—and another meeting succeeded; poor Maria was gradually led on, step by step, into the mazes of error—her whole soul was absorbed by the tenderness of Frederick. She considered no sacrifice too great to reward a love that seemed to her so disinterested as his—nor did she awake from the inebriating delusion, into which illicit love, and artful passion had steeped her senses—till cold indifference convinced her of the fatal error into which she had fallen—she was now frequently first at the place of meeting—generally the last to quit the fatal spot—where Frederick had often vowed never—never more to forsake her—if she wept, he no longer regarded her tears—if she implored him to protect her—he calmly desired her to compose her spirits, and keep their secret close in her own bosom, till time should enable him to remove her, should there hereafter be a necessity for such a measure—at length he hinted, that it would be most prudent for them, to meet less frequent—as he feared their interviews had been by some means or other betrayed to the family—poor Maria trembled—then all is over, said she, and Mrs. Fitzcary will abandon me. Oh! do not forsake me, do not leave me a wretch exposed to the wild insults of an unpitying world—be calm, cried Frederick coolly, I never dreamt of deserting you—but you must be prudent, our situation is most delicate—I have not the means of providing for you—all my hopes hang on the Bishop's patronage: would you, Maria, destroy those hopes—and blight my future prospects—this appeal to the generosity of Maria, darted with the rapidity of lightning through her feeling frame—and discarding

every selfish consideration, she bade him only consult his own interest, and leave her to *providence*—now you are a reasonable girl, said he, embracing her with more than usual tenderness—abide by my directions, and all will be very well—they separated, poor Maria to brood in sorrow over approaching infamy—and Frederick to plan new conquests.—Soon after this meeting, as the season was far advanced, the family repaired to London; Maria saw them depart with an aching heart, Frederick saw her for a few minutes only, he promised to write to her by the next post, after his arrival at the metropolis, and to lay a plan for her private departure from the Priory, before her situation should become public—poor consolation for a wounded heart. Maria, however, did not complain, her grief was too violent to vent itself in words—she suffered in silence, her health declined, and even hope had deserted her; post after post past, and no letter arrived—and poor Maria waited with a kind of apathy for her disclosure. At length the housekeeper at the Priory to whose care Mrs. Fitzcary had confided her, suspected the cause of her long, though silent sorrow—when questioned by her, Maria confessed the real state of her situation; but refused, steadily refused to name the seducer of her heart—Mrs. Millbank, (for that was the housekeeper's name) knew not in what manner to proceed—to keep the affair a secret, was impossible—and to write to Mrs. Fitzcary, might, she feared, offend her—in this dilemma, she consulted first with one friend, and then with another; till poor Maria's shame became as public, to use a common metaphor, as the noon-day sun—it was officiously transmitted to her benefactress—from whom an order arrived, for her instantly to quit the Priory, and repair to her own cottage—poor Maria obeyed in silence—she returned to weep and work, in her now miserable home. Mrs. Fitzcary, however, in the midst of anger, had remembered mercy—she gave orders that Maria should be provided both with necessaries and attendance—and guessing but too truly who was the destroyer of her innocence—out of regard to his family, she prevented any legal inquiry

from being made—by undertaking to provide both for the mother and the infant, should it survive—but this kindness, though Maria was not insensible to it, could not remove the weight of anguish that oppressed her heart—which way ever she turned, some object or other reminded her of her former state of contentment and innocence, while busy meddling memory presented to her hands the bitter cup of sorrow and remorse—deserted by the gay companions of her youth, many of whom so far from pitying her misfortunes—with all the rancour of little minds, triumphed in her shame—while aged matrons, with unfeeling caution, held her ruined name up, as a warning and beacon to their simple desendants—who, because they had never been exposed to similar temptations, fancied themselves more virtuous and invulnerable than their fallen associate.

While things were passing in this manner in the country—let us take a cursory review of Frederick's conduct in London. Soon after the arrival of the prelate's family, Miss Fitzcary, a fashionable fair one, and sister to the young gentleman of that name, became an intimate of the family—their mother was dead—and their father had been some years abroad, in a public station—they had in consequence been intrusted to the care of their uncle—when Frederick first took up his residence in the prelate's family—Miss Fitzcary was in the north, on a visit to a relation—from whence she was just arrived—Phillippina, (for such was her name) was very lively and good humoured, but extremely vain—vast sums had been expended on her education, to very little purpose—her accomplishments were merely superficial; for she had ever detested application to books, deeming it highly absurd for a woman of fashion to trouble herself about any knowledge, but such as led to the improvement of her person—the regulations of an assembly, the rules of precedence, and the conquest of hearts—in all these important sciences the fair Phillippina was a perfect adept—as she was extremely open to flattery, Frederick felt no difficulty in making himself agree-

able to her—he studied her humours, approved her sentiments, however ridiculous—adopted her prejudices—vowed she was fairer than Helen—more graceful than Venus—as majestic as Juno—but, ah! he feared, cold and unfeeling, as the severe goddess of the bow; when a woman can listen with complacency to such absurd nonsense, there is no act of folly, however ridiculous, that you may not expect her to commit. Accordingly, we find her after a few weeks acquaintance—in which Frederick had run through the heart-rending catalogue of flames, darts, dying, and despair—preparing for an elopement to the land of Hymen, for both well knew all application to friends would have been ineffectual; while engaged in this pursuit, poor Maria was forgotten—it was at this time Mrs. Fitzcary became acquainted with Maria's misfortunes; she had her suspicions we have before seen, but she confined them to her own bosom, out of tenderness to the family of Frederick, whom she well knew, could not, without embarrassing themselves, provide for the maintenance of Maria—and she feared, if she was thrown upon the bounty of Frederick, whose pursuits were more expensive than his situation warranted, that she would sink gradually, from distress to misery, till at last there would be no resource—unhoused, unfriended, but the dreadful vortex of prostitution. While Mrs. Fitzcary, though greatly offended at Maria's conduct, and sorely wounded by the baseness of Frederick, was humanely planning to serve them both, and to shun the calamity that might have followed, had his conduct been made public. Frederick was congratulating himself that he had got so easily rid of an affair that he began to fear would have been very troublesome to him—he supposed that with respect to a certain circumstance, Maria had been deceived; and as to her feelings, on being betrayed and deserted, these were subjects he seldom condescended to think on. In short, in defiance of all the rules of equity and hospitality—he effected his intended elopement unsuspected, with Miss

Fitzcary, and we must at present leave them in elegant apartments in Fitzroy square, waiting till the anger of their friends should subside; when they hoped to be restored to favour and to confidence.

(To be continued.)

DESCRIPTION OF MADRID,

THE CAPITAL OF SPAIN.

From Hinckley's Translation of Link's Travels in Portugal, and through France and Spain.

THE interior of the houses, even of those of considerable size, by no means agree with the external appearance of the town. The entrances are narrow and awkward, and the apartments crowded together without order. Charles III. who changed Madrid from a filthy wretched village to a charming capital, could not force his reforms into the interior of the houſes, where filth and dirt still prevail. We even found it so in one of the first inns, called the Cross of Malta. The common people, who fill the streets, accord with this description. They are dressed entirely in brown cloth, made of the brown wool of the country, wear a brown cap, and often brown spatter-dashes; but their shoes are leather, those of wood being unknown throughout Spain. Brown is a very general colour; and even the military wear short brown coats. In other respects, the men, even to the lowest classes, are dressed like the Germans and the French. However, the better kind of artisans wear a hair-net, called *redesilla* or *cofia*, and a jacket with a vast number of small buttons; but persons of condition generally wear, as with us Germans, a white cloak, and ſword, and ſeldom use boots. The women, generally speaking, adhere more closely to the true Spanish dress than the men; for of the latter, the first people dress exactly as throughout the rest of

Europe, except in some trifles; but in other respects, the Spanish dress extends to persons of considerably high rank, and to persons, who, according to our German customs, dress almost in the same style as the first class of society. The black silk *mantilla* or veil, which ends before, in a crape, and covers the face, sometimes entirely, sometimes in part, a short and generally black petticoat, like the veil, adorned with fringe or Vandykes, which, like that, does not entirely conceal the figure, constitute the peculiarity of this dress among persons of easy circumstances. Their shoes were at this time worn with high-pointed heels; but the upper leather, according to a fashion borrowed from the rest of Europe, was of a different colour. Their hollow but black and fiery eyes, their slender and somewhat too meagre shape, the absence of a fresh and ruddy bloom, the yellow hue which assume its place, and their legs, which are often bare up to the calves, give them altogether an unpleasant, and at the same time a licentious look.

The inhabitants of Spain are not so fond of promenades as the French (who have one in every small place), but more than the Portuguese. Every large town has its *alameda* or promenade, so called from the *alamo* or poplar, with which they were originally planted. The poplar has in all ages been a favourite tree of the poets, by whom it has been much celebrated, perhaps because no tree of equal beauty grows so easily and rapidly in this climate. The poplars along the banks of the Manzanares are well known to the readers of old Spanish poetry. The *Prado* is now the usual promenade, wherein the morning persons of high rank are seen both on foot and on horseback: but after the *siesta*, or afternoon nap, the whole is filled with splendid equipages, which, according to a custom peculiar to Spain, daily perform the same dull round, following

each other during an hour or two, up one mall and down another, in a slow and tedious procession, without seeing any one but foot passengers of inferior condition, or the other coaches which happen to be in the opposite rank, and forming the moſt irksome amusement that possibly can be imagined: nor did I, after the first time I had experienced it, ever consent to endure it again. Sometimes a few coaches are seen without the gate, between the rows of trees on the road to Aranjuez. But who could be the bold adventurer, who first braved the laws of etiquette by taking his pleasure without the gate?

Madrid appears a very dead place except at the time of the promenade in the Prado, or in the morning, at some part where a celebrated mass is to be read. A great city, situated on a brook in an ungrateful country, where manufactures only flourish by means of extraordinary exertion and encouragement, and where the court resides but a few weeks in the year, is great but by force, and that force is every where perceived. At Madrid there is a great ſcarcity of amusements, which are therefore supplied by devotion, and its sister passion love. In Spain, the stage is very poor; and at both the theatres at Madrid, in general, bad pieces are performed by miserable players. One, however, of the actresses, who was not a bad performer, at this time shone in heroic parts. In this respect the Spaniards are even inferior to the Portuguese, and have nothing to compare with the excellent opera at Lisbon. Spaniards seldom invite company to dinner, and more rarely, if ever, to supper. They confine themselves to tertullas, where tea is given, and that great quantity of sweetmeats devoured, at which Bourgoing expressed so much surprise. But that writer is mistaken in applauding the temperance of the lower orders, and asserting, that no

man but a foreigner is ever seen drunk at Madrid. I have seen many Spaniards drunk; and the walloon soldiers may in some measure be excused for this vice, when, instead of the sour wine of Germany and Italy, they can purchase the fiery La Mancha for a trifle.

The climate of Madrid is in general very agreeable, the air being warm, and rain uncommon; for the frontier mountains of Castile seem to keep off the clouds, which I frequently saw, when the wind was north, resting upon, and hiding their summits, before they descended to the adjacent country. In summer the air is burning hot, no sea breezes lending their aid to cool it, and in winter uncommonly cold; I have often seen the Manzanares covered with ice. This extreme cold, in so southerly a latitude, undoubtedly arises from the high situation of the town, as the constantly low state of the barometer and the continual descent to approach the banks of the Tagus, which from Aranjuez to Lisbon has also a considerable fall, sufficiently prove.

THE SOIL ROUND LISBON.

(From the same.)

THE soil round Lisbon consists of limestone and basalt; the former lying at top, and being here and there very white, close, and excellent for building, but breaking too coarse for the statuary. Another singular species of limestone, which only forms a mass of petrification, appears at a depth in both banks of the river, lying beneath the other strata. The basalt begins at the bank not far from the sea, and then proceeds through Quelus toward Bellas; meanwhile a branch of the basalt mountain

extends beyond the city by the aqueduct, and unites with the forementioned chain toward Bellas. From thence the basalt country extends as far as Cabeca de Montachique. It properly forms only one mass of basalt, which is here and there covered with limestone. It is particularly striking that basalt is only found in those two parts of Portugal, Lisbon and Cape St. Vincent, where the earthquake of 1775 was most violent; and this circumstance is thought to confirm the opinion that basalt covering great strata of coals furnishes materials for subterraneous fires, and thus gives rise to earthquakes and volcanoes; but it must not be forgotten that Belem, which partly stands on a basalt hill, suffered less from that earthquake than some parts of the town evidently founded upon limestone; perhaps the basalt had, at some former period, been forced up from these parts by a similar convulsion; and the shocks which Lisbon has felt from time to time, are attempts of nature to raise other similar hills. But it is evident this is one of the innumerable hypotheses that have been thrown out without proof on this subject. Portugal, however, is rich in warm springs, which are doubtless the effect of subterraneous fires. Such springs are found even in Lisbon, though the warmth is very slight; also, at Cascaes, a few miles from Lisbon.

THE

PARNASSIAN GARLAND,

FOR JULY, 1801.

ADDRESSES TO THE LITERARY FUND.

(Concluded from Page 193.)

BY I. D'ISRAELI, ESQ.

SERAPH of earth! lov'd CHARITY appears,
And drops on human griefs celestial tears;
O come! thine eyes of dewy light unfold,
And wave thy tresses of ethereal gold!
Mark the warm blush upon her forehead sent,
Her hand outstretch'd, her listening head just bent!
Hung round her knees a graceful group is seen;
She comes, and famine's blasted heath looks green!

Her blest abodes each little village grace,
And restless vagrants find a resting-place;
See where philanthropy her labour aids,
And opes to felon youths her schools and [illegible]es!
Lucina there, a splendid palace rears,
To calm the future mother's modest fears!
Sweet CHARITY! like Venus 'mid the waves,
Thou walk'st in beauty o'er the watery graves,
And, teaching man a promethéan art,
Bring'st fire from heav'n—or wak'st it in his heart!
Within his grate, sits meagre worth oppress'd,
Nor feels the sunshine playing on his breast;

Gently thy hand, the little debt shall lend,
And give the social hearth a father, husband, friend!

All, all, have felt the publick's anxious care,
And every Briton had a brother's share;
All but the letter'd few—the bard—the sage,
Those great contemp'raries of every age!
Who can forgive the present, while they trust
To the late justice of some gem, or bust;
Obscurely beaming, like their midnight oil,
They sink, with slow decay, in silent toil.

Yes! while th' immortal page their genius spread,
Ev'n then they fainted for a little bread:
Yes! in our country (freedom's antient choice!)
Want strangled oft the patriot's feeble voice;
And loud renown has told us of many a name,
The child, at once, of famine and of fame!
Ah! on the PRESS we muse with dread delight,
If they must perish who were born to write!

Bards, in whose breasts, with inspiration gay,
The muses warble, and the graces play,
Those gifted spirits of Aonian birth,
Crouch to the hand of trade, and bend to earth!
Or, blushless, dare the venal censor hold,
And barter glory (wretched men!) for gold!
Or bid their muse, still flaunt about the town,
The dirty prostitute of half a crown!

Shall British genius mourn so long, and hide
The sage's dignity, the poet's pride?
Ah, better break the unregarded sigh,
With Butler languish, and with Otway die:
With Chatterton, in sullen vengeance brood;
With Collins, rage in phrenzy's ireful mood.

From ills like these, to save the virtuous man,
Patrons of genius! is your rising plan!
Ah, sure the artists of each finer grace;
The lov'd preceptors of the human race;
All that dear train, whose studious hours impart
Th' illumin'd spirit, and the moral heart,
Claim from the public hand their mod'rate share;
Yes, 'tis their due!—THEY MADE US WHAT WE ARE!

And in a British audience still we see
Their hands are liberal, as their hearts are free;
Long, long endure, by generous spirits grac'd,
This festival of CHARITY and TASTE.

BY SAMUEL BIRCH, ESQ.

THIS favour'd isle of freedom and renown,
Which well humanity may call her own,
Thro' many an age of fame extended wide,
Has almost prov'd that mercy was its pride;
Whose shrines of pity towering to the skies,
More than its regal palaces surprize—
Nor on the public edifice alone,
Does sweet benevolence inscribe the stone;
But oft with stealth to solitude withdraws,
And, self-approving, shuns a world's applause.
The mountain's height—the forest's deep recess,
Her humbler characters alike impress.—
No pathless wood—no unfrequented wild—
But gratitude has there some glowing child,
Whose sighs like unobstructed incense rise,
A meek, sincere, prevailing sacrifice!
Unseen, unpitied, sorrow cannot roam,
For sympathy will track the sufferer home.

Wide as misfortune bids the tear to start,
Or silent anguish wrings the human heart;
Broad as the air—and piercing as the ray,
That visits nature from the orb of day,
Her good Samaritan is always found,
To minister a balm to every wound.

Our pious ancestors, who seem'd to try
What mercy best might balance misery;
By observation and experience taught,
This godlike virtue near perfection brought.
They smooth'd life's rugged road thro' ev'ry stage,
From helpless infancy to helpless age.

The child that drew, unown'd, the vital air—
Or lost, thro' shame or want, a mother's care—

Or half-endow'd, as niggard nature frown'd,
Unblest with organs, or of sight or sound—
The tender virgin of enchanting form,
The unshelter'd lily, drench'd by many a storm,
Ere yet matur'd in beauty's pride it grew,
Attractive only to the spoiler's view———
And the poor victim of seductive art,
Whom fatal sensibility of heart,
By one false step, had doom'd thro' life to rove,
The houseless wanderer of unhallow'd love—

The tender mother, and the faithful wife,
Despairing of her unborn infant's life,
Whose pangs and sorrow, tho' to all decreed,
By poverty were multiplied indeed———
The mind subdu'd by melancholy care———
The shiver'd intellect of wild despair———
And crimeless penury, constrain'd to dwell
Oppression's captive in some dismal cell—
The snow-topt wreck of many a warrior brave,
Who hurl'd their thunders o'er the distant wave—
And pale disease, of life the lingering drain,
Thro' all her thousand images of pain—
For wants like these, they some asylum found;
Their pious labours knew nor rest nor bound.
They heap'd what good their bounty could bestow
On the sad offspring of unletter'd woe:—
They sympathiz'd with ev'ry poor man's lot;—
The Man of Genius was alone forgot.
The sport of fate, which wit to want allied,
And where it brain imparted, bread denied.

While the poor peasant could his meal supply,
The rough-hewn son of thoughtless industry;—
Who little ask'd—his sturdy arm was sure,
With spade or flail that little to procure:
Pale drooping science, with precarious toil,
Could scarce provide her with her midnight oil.
Whose heart refin'd, that swell'd with many a sigh,
Or e'er it could consent to beg, must die.
Unsought she never could her need proclaim,
Conceal'd, 'twas agony! but known, 'twas shame!

At length this wretchedness attention drew;
The glorious privilege was left for you!
Oh! envied thought! Oh! exquisite employ!
Your proud distinction—your exclusive joy!
Search not the records or of Greece or Rome
For luxury of thought:—best found at home.
Say! can the glorious deeds their heroes wrought,
Or the stern virtues which their sages taught,
Yield such sublime exuberant delight,
As warms and satisfies the soul to night?

You on the waters cast your scraps of bread,
Which many a secret child of merit fed:
You saw them not—you trusted what was given,
And your work prosper'd, as approv'd by heaven.

So, ere the winter's cold, with liberal hand
The sower strews in faith the furrow'd land,
Hid for a while the future treasure lies,
Till vernal showers and autumnal skies
Call forth the springing blade, and swell the ear;
The promis'd plenty of the smiling year.
The reapers now the nodding sheaves enfold,
Their loaded tops all burnish'd o'er with gold.
With like success your mercy has been sown;
But the bright harvest shall be all your own.

DESCRIPTIVE SKETCH,

BY WILLIAM CASE, JUN.

Scene.---The Danes at Yarmouth.

I WHO late raptur'd dwelt on scenes, where Yare
In sweet meander pours her inland stream,
Smit with the love of poesy, now dare
Again to meditate descriptive theme:
There nought disturb'd the mind's elysian dream,
Save when some breeze the wild flowers' freightage bore—
In rudest forms, here terror reigns supreme,
Here the mad breakers lash the sandy shore,
And nature starts appall'd at her own loud uproar!

The landscape now had darkness ceas'd to shroud;
The morn, unclosing her cerulean eye,
Cast a mild glance on every floating cloud,
And look'd it into beauty, whilst on high
The sun, that brightest glory of the sky,
To his diurnal round again upsprung
From forth a purple tissued canopy:
On Heaven's wide arch his central orb he hung,
And o'er th' expanse below the golden day beam flung.

Where rolls in Garien's port the foamy main,
Musing, I bent my solitary way;
Bound in the seaweed's mossy-woven chain,
Upon the strand full many a pebble lay,
That oft, as o'er it flash'd the silvery spray,
To fancy's shapings still more lovely seem'd,
And, as the curlews frequent div'd for prey,
Across the waves a line of splendour stream'd,
And on their surface hoar what myriad diamonds gleam'd!

Such bracing airs of seaborn coolness blew,
As flush'd with wholesome ruddiness my face,
The whilst mine eye would stretch its eager view
Along the dim immensity of space,
And on the horizon's hazy verge would trace
A fleet of war-ships, all their sails unfurl'd,
From earliest time the pride of Albion's race,
Which, as the thunders of her wrath they hurl'd,
To her wide waving-flag made couch the subject world.

Thou wat'ry sphere, that from creation's hour
Around these shores hast spread thine ample cest,
In thee the wond'rous, omnipresent power
Of God peculiarly is manifest!
Though now calm ripples skim thy glassy breast,
How frail the hope, that loves on thee to dwell!
Haply some storm ere long will break thy rest,
His frenzy fit this transient scene dispel,
And o'er each billow's crest succeeding billows swell.

Within thine oozy depths what caverns lie,
Thou mighty sepulchre of dead men's bones!
Caverns no living sight could e'er descry—
How oft thy surge in solemn cadence moans
With the poor shipwreck'd soul's expiring groans!
There where no sun illumes the drear confine,
His last sad dirge the night blasts fitful tones,
How oft wild weeds and branching coralline
Around his festering corse a shroud fantastic twine!

Thus wrapt in thought, I stray'd with sauntering tread,
When from a fisher's skiff a man drew near,
Few were the locks his freckled brows that spread,
The characters of age were graven there,
His cheeks with scars were furrow'd, scars most dear,
Of every meed that waits the truly brave,
His garb, that weather'd many a season drear,
And to the wind its faded tatters gave,
A veteran tar bespoke, son of the ocean wave.

"Forgive my bold inquiry, for what cause
"Thou quit'st the gay throng'd pier?" he frankly cried,
"Surely no grief thy footsteps hither draws,
"To pore despondent on the ebbing tide—
"Ne'er may'st thou trials hard as mine abide!
"Ah, for Old England's king long time I fought,
"And with his foes oft grappled side by side,
"Till to my home these wounds a passport brought;
"Since then, in yonder boat my daily toil I've sought."

"My friend! this bosom ne'er hath felt annoy,
"Yet marvel not, I leave yon crowded ways,
"For O, to me it is a blest employ,
"To follow nature through her every maze!
"As to the deep e'en now I turn'd my gaze,
"Methought was pictur'd there the self same change,
"That aye awaits us in our mortal days,—
"Yes, 'tis the will of Heaven, whilst here we range,
"That pleasure oft be ours, but oftener contrast strange!"

" Time was," replied he, " when the briny surge,
" Upon the shelving spot where now we stand,
" Its restless course far onward wont to urge,
" Yon town, perchance, itself the only strand,
" Ere yet its walls by skilful toil were plann'd—
" A sad event too once befel, they say,
" Where yon tall vessel rides hard by the land;
" The tale, I ween, attention will repay,
" And, as we homeward bend, beguile the lengthen'd way.

" Fair smil'd days early beams, as now they smile,
" The morning air, as now, was all serene,
" When lo (most strange to tell!) a little isle
" Was on a sudden high emerging seen;
" Its brow was cover'd with a grassy green,
" And many a plant the soil uncultur'd rear'd,
" As though its base for ages firm had been;
" Around its steepy sides the main appear'd
" Alike its barrier strong, and foe whom most it fear'd.

" Amid the throng, which daily hasten'd there,
" Was one, that eager cried—" Ah, who can tell
" How sweet, how passing sweet a joy it were,
" On such a fair, romantic spot to dwell!
" Me, when my wants should e'er to town impel,
" How easy 'twere to ply the sweeping oar
" Across the breezy ocean's gentle swell!
" So should I gain ere long the neighbouring shore,
" And sure the change of scene would home endear the more.

" There strait a mansion he resolv'd to build,
" Where elegance and strength might both unite,
" With poplars silvery grey a nook he fill'd,
" Laburnum there hung flowers of golden light,
" Whilst shrubs more lowly fac'd the eastern site.
" Now had four suns their annual circuits roll'd,
" Still seem'd the isle a fairy palace bright,
" Still the soil boasted its prolific mould,
" And fast the poplars grew, most beauteous to behold.

" It chanc'd that once the moon, suffus'd with blood,
" To eve's dim hour gave signs of awful close,
" With hoarser murmurs heav'd the gulphing flood,
" High up the isle the mass of waters rose,
" And sky conspiring, threaten'd deeper woes!—
" The pale domestics round their master press,
"Ah, where," say they, " is now our priz'd repose?
" Befits us then to seek some nigh recess,
" Where we, from danger safe, our happy stars may bless."

" Why fear," he answer'd, " where no cause to fear?
" The elements their rage will soon abate;
" But if with coward hearts ye tarry here,
" Go then, and leave me to the chance of fate,
" Whilst on the shore the morrow's dawn ye wait."
They urg'd intreaties, but of no avail,
" At length departing, ere it prov'd too late,
" Now in their boat they spread a little sail,
" And, reaching now the port, escap'd the driving gale.

" Nor were its habitants from terror free—
" Loud in the quay the rocking billows roar'd,
" And many an heart, for relatives at sea,
" Of Providence a blessing kind implor'd,
" And wish'd their ships in harbour safe were moor'd!
" When now the twilight's dawning hour came on,
" The rescued train with anxious eyes explor'd
" The scene, where late the island palace shone,
" But O the dire reverse! shrubs, island, all were gone!"

As thus the courteous stranger clos'd his speech,
The busy crowd hard by appear'd in view;
Aside my footsteps turning from the beach,
Reluctant to the tar I bade adieu,
And pray'd his future hardships might be few.
To thee, vast deep! this moral truth I owe,
This moral truth obsequious fancy drew—
That as thy calm now smiles, thy storms now blow,
Each object, e'en most dear, so fluctuates here below!

ELEGIAC EXPOSTULATION

TO AN

UNFORTUNATE TAYLOR.

BY THOMAS DERMODY.

Hei mihi!

O THOU! whose visionary bills unpaid,
Long as thy measure, o'er my slumber stream,
Whose Goose, hot-hissing thro' the midnight shade,
Disturbs the transport of each softer dream.

Why do imaginary needles wound,
Why do thy sheers clip short my fleeting joys,
Ah! why, emerging from thy hell profound,
The "Ghost of Shreds and Patches," aweful rise?

Once more look up, nor droop thy hanging head,
The liberal linings of that breast unfold,
Be smiles, far brighter than thy buttons, spread,
And nobly scorn the vulgar lust of gold!

Tho' doom'd by fortune, since remotest time,
No meaner coin of modern date to use,
Lo! I can well reward with sterling rhyme,
Stamp'd by the sacred mintage of the muse.

Why mourn thy folly, why deplore thy fate,
Why call on every pow'r in sore dismay,
Thy warmest oraisons, alas! are late;
Reflect:—didst thou e'er know a poet pay?

Vain from thy shopboard the eternal sigh,
Vain thy devotions from that sable shrine,
Can guineas from the vacant pocket fly,
Can sorrow fill this empty purse of mine?

Ah, me! so long with dire consumption pin'd,
When shall that purse ill-omen'd, proudly swell
Full as the sail that holds the fav'ring wind:
Mysterious ministers of money, tell!

Fond man! while pausing o'er that gloomy page,
That tells thee what thou art, in terms too plain,
O'er the capacious Ledger lose thy rage,
Nor, of unsettled debts again be vain.

There lords and dukes, and mighty princes lie,
Nor on them can'st thou for prompt payment call,
Why starts the big drop in thine anguish'd eye?
One honest, genuine bard is worth them all!

A common garment, such as mortals wear,
(Dull sons of clay, the ready price who give,)
Thou mad'st, and lo! it lasted one short year;
But, in my garment thou shalt ever live.

Time ne'er shall rip one consecrated seam
Of cloth, from fancy's loom all superfine,
Nor, shall I, cruel, haunt thy softer dream,
E'en when I dress thee in a suit divine.

Let sage philosophy thy soul inform,
With strength heroic every ill to bear,
Not better broad-cloth braves the angry storm,
And constant patience is delightful wear.

Be patient, then, and wise, nor meanly shrink,
Beneath despondency's tumultuous blast,
The reck'ning-day may come, when least you think,
A joyful day—tho' miracles are past!

BEAUTIFUL DESCRIPTION OF

LAMBS AT PLAY.

From the Farmer's Boy, by Robert Bloomfield.

ON airy downs the shepherd idling lies,
And sees to-morrow in the marbled skies.
Here then, my soul, thy darling theme pursue,
For every day was Giles a SHEPHERD too.
Small was his charge; no wilds had they to roam,
But bright enclosures circling round their home.
Nor yellow blossom'd furze, nor stubborn thorn,
The heath's rough produce, had their fleeces torn:

Yet ever roving, ever seeking thee,
Enchanting spirit, dear Variety!
O happy tenants, prisoners of a day!
Releas'd to ease, to pleasure, and to play;
Indulg'd thro' every field by turns to range,
And taste them all in one continual change.
For though luxuriant their grassy food,
Sheep long confin'd but loathe the present good;
Bleating around the homeward gate they meet,
And starve, and pine, with plenty at their feet.
Loos'd from the winding lane, a joyful throng,
See, o'er yon pasture how they pour along!
Giles round their boundaries takes his usual stroll;
Sees every pass secur'd, and fences whole;
High fences, proud to charm the gazing eye,
Where many a nestling first essays to fly;
Where blows the woodbine, faintly streak'd with red,
And rests on every bough its tender head;
Round the young ash its twining branches meet,
Or crown the hawthorn with its odours sweet.
Say, ye that know, ye who have felt and seen,
Spring's morning smiles, and soul-enliv'ning green,
Say, did you give the thrilling transport way!
Did your eye brighten, when young lambs at play
Leap'd o'er your path with animated pride,
Or gaz'd in merry clusters by your side?
Ye who can smile, to wisdom no disgrace,
At the arch meaning of a kitten's face;
If spotless innocence, and infant mirth,
Excites to praise, or gives reflection birth;
In shades like these pursue your fav'rite joy,
Midst Nature's revels, sports that never cloy.
A few begin a short but vigorous race,
And indolence abash'd soon flies the place;
Thus challeng'd forth, see thither one by one,
From every side assembling playmates run;
A thousand wily antics mark their stay,
A starting crowd, impatient of delay.
Like the fond dove from fearful prison freed,
Each seems to say, "Come, let us try our speed;"
Away they scour, impetuous, ardent, strong,
The green turf trembling as they bound along;

Adown the slope, then up the hillock climb,
Where every molehill is a bed of thyme;
There panting stop; yet scarcely can refrain;
A bird, a leaf, will set them off again:
Or, if a gale with strength unusual blow,
Scatt'ring the wild-briar roses into snow,
Their little limbs increasing efforts try,
Like the torn flower the fair assemblage fly.
Ah, fallen rose! sad emblem of their doom;
Frail as thyself, they perish while they bloom!
Though unoffending innocence may plead,
Though frantic ewes may mourn the savage deed,
Their shepherd comes, a messenger of blood,
And drives them bleating from their sports and food.
Care loads his brow, and pity wrings his heart,
For lo, the murd'ring BUTCHER with his cart
Demands the firstlings of his flock to die,
And makes a sport of life and liberty!
His gay companions *Giles* beholds no more;
Clos'd are their eyes, their fleeces drench'd in gore;
Nor can compassion, with her softest notes,
Withhold the knife that plunges through their throats.
Down, indignation! hence, ideas foul!
Away the shocking image from my soul!
Let kindlier visitants attend my way,
Beneath approaching *Summer*'s fervid ray;
Nor thankless glooms obtrude, nor cares annoy,
Whilst the sweet theme is *universal joy*.

NATURE AND NANCY.

WRITTEN BY MR. DIBDIN.

LET swabs with their vows, palaver, and lies,
Sly flattery's silk sails still be trimming,
Swear their Polls be all angels dropt down from the skies,
I your angels don't like, I loves women;
And I loves a warm heart, and a sweet honest mind,
Good as truth and lively as fancy,
As constant as honour, as tenderness kind,
In short, I loves nature and Nancy.

I read in a song about Venus, I thinks,
All rigg'd out with her cupids and graces,
And how roses and lilies, carnations and pinks,
Was made paint to daub over their faces;
They that loves it may take all such art for their pains,
For mine 'tis another guess fancy,
Give me the rich health, flesh and blood, and blue veins,
That pays the sweet face of my Nancy.

Why I went to the play, where they talk'd well, at least,
As to art, all their parts they were trying;
They were playing at soldiers, and playing at feast,
And some they was playing at dying;
Let 'em hang, drown, or starve, or take poison, d'ye see,
All just for their gig and their fancy;
What to them was but jest, is right earnest to me,
For I live, and I'd die for my Nancy.

Let the girls then, like so many Algerine Turks,
Dash away a fine painted galley,
With their jacks and their pennants, and gingerbread-works,
All for shew, and just nothing for value:
False colours throw out, deck'd by labour and art,
To take of pert coxcombs the fancy:
They're all for the person, I'm all for the heart,
In short—I'm for nature and Nancy.

Literary Review.

An Historical Tour in Monmouthshire, illustrated with Views. By Sir R. C. Hoare, Bart. A new Map of the County, and other Engravings, by William Cox, A. M. F. R. S. F. A. S. Rector of Bemerton and Stourton. 2 *vols.* 4*to.* Cadell and Davies.

MONMOUTHSHIRE was formerly part of Wales, but being in the Oxford circuit, is now reckoned a county of England. Its situation is extremely delightful. The views are romantic—the ruins scattered here and there impressive—and its mineral stores are conveyed to the most distant regions of the earth. That such a portion of Great Britain should attract the notice of the historian, was to be expected—and we are glad to find in the work before us, that the subject has received a proper degree of attention. Mr. Cox is well known to the public—his former publications have raised him to a considerable degree of eminence in the literary world.

The work is divided into two parts, and contains no small portion of information. The acknowledgment of his obligations shews that he has exerted himself with a due portion of industry; and both the clergy and laity seem to have come forward with a commendable liberality. Those who live on the spot are most likely to be accurately acquainted

with the history of the several places, and *facts* only should be handed down to posterity!

Mr. Cox visited Monmouthshire three different times—in the autumn of 1798, and in the spring and autumn of 1799; in these excursions he employed five months; traversed 1500 miles, and here delivers to the public the result of his observations.

An Introduction of some length contains a history of Monmouthshire while the Romans remained in our Island. Then particulars of the county are detailed with succinctness, in a series of chapters well arranged, and replete with entertainment and instruction. The writer of this article may, perhaps, commit these lines to paper, under a strong predilection for his native county; but it must be confessed, that the performance before us possesses considerable merit, and forms a valuable accession to the mass of topographical information.

Anecdotes of celebrated characters are introduced with great propriety; that of MAJOR HANBURY, the father of the iron works at Pontypool, is particularly entitled to attention. By his activity a wilderness has been converted into a fruitful field—his ardent spirit of improvement was the means of producing the most essential benefits to his country. "The situation of Pontypool," says Mr. Cox, "near a region rich in mineral treasures, in the midst of forges and collieries, and at the head of the canal, render it peculiarly commodious for the establishment of iron manufactories; and, perhaps, another generation may see a *new Birmingham* start up in the wilds of Monmouthshire!"

The views being neatly executed, form a charming decoration to the work—the map is laid down with accuracy—papers also are added at the end,

gratifying to the curiosity. Of many pleasing articles in the body of the work we intend to avail ourselves in the succeeding numbers of our Miscellany.

Excursions from Bath. By the Rev. Richard Warner. Robinsons. 8s.

THE indefatigable Mr. Warner having visited more distant parts of the country, thought it was time to look nearer home. Accordingly he adopts a motto from Pliny, agreeably to these his intentions—which he thus humourously translates—

Abroad to see wonders, the traveller goes,
And neglects the fine things that *lie under his nose!*

These *Excursions* are extended to about thirty miles around Bath—and take in most of the gentlemen's seats that are worthy of examination. The chief merit of the work, therefore, is a biographical illustration of the several paintings with which the walls of these seats are decorated. Here a variety of interesting particulars are thrown together—the fruit of extensive reading. In this respect, these *Excursions* cannot fail of being interesting to every lover of his country.

Among the many portraits at the Marquis of Lansdown's seat, that of the great General Washington is thus honourably noticed—

"*General Washington*, whose memory must always be embalmed in the recollection of every friend of civil liberty. Never was the eulogium of the poet more deservedly bestowed than that which a *bard of freedom* (Mr. Crowe, public orator at Oxford), has applied to the assertor of the rights of America—

———Blest are they
Who in life's toilsome journey may make pause,
After a march of glory, yet not such

As rise in *causeless war*, troubling the world
By their mad quarrel, and in fields of blood
Hail'd victors, thence renown'd and call'd on earth
Kings, heroes, demi-gods; but in high heaven
Thieves, ruffians, murderers---these find no repose:
Then rather patriot, conqueror, to thee
Belongs such rest, who in the western world
Thine own deliver'd country, for thyself
Hast planted an immortal grove, and there
Upon the glorious mount of liberty
Reposing, sit'st beneath the palmy shade!"

On the *cow-pox*, or vaccine inoculation, Mr. Warner is decided in his opinion—as appears from the following observations. He is speaking of Berkley in Gloucestershire—

"It gives name and title to the Earls of Berkley, and has the honour of numbering amongst its inhabitants Doctor Henry Jenner, the philosopher and philanthropist---the indefatigable promoter of vaccine inoculation, to the adoption and diffusion of which, every man who is anxious to *economize* the human race, will ardently endeavour to contribute. The struggle between truth and prejudices deeply rooted and long indulged, will oftentimes be protracted to a tedious length; but, fortunately for mankind, in the present instance, the triumph of science has been obtained already, and the utility of this mode of inoculation is now as universally acknowledged as it has been undeniably demonstrated!"

Mr. W. relates the following anecdote respecting Mr. Thynne's monument in Westminster Abbey—"An old domestic happening to meet one day a crony of former times, who was hurrying forward at a very quick pace, after shaking him by the hand, begged to know whither he was going in such violent haste. "Going," said the other, "why to Westminster Abbey, to look at the figure of *my father*, which is just put up there in white marble."—"Thy father's figure," returned

the questioner, "what do't mean, man?"—"I mean, replied he, "that they have been making a fine monument for Mr. Thynne, where they have carved the coach, the horses, and the *coachman!* Now *my father* was driving the coach at the time he was murdered, and I want to see whether they have made a good likeness of him or not!"

Similar incidents are interspersed throughout the work, with which we were pleased, because *all* the publications of this author exhibit a happy union of talents and of industry.

The Name of the Lord great among the Gentiles. A Sermon preached at the Re-opening of the General Baptist Meetinghouse, Church Street, Deptford, on Sunday the 17th of May, 1801, after it had been shut up for Repairs. By John Evans, A. M. Master of a Seminary for a limited Number of Pupils, Pulin's Row, Islington. 6d. Symonds.

THE title page sufficiently explains the nature and tendency of the discourse before us, from which we transcribe the following paragraph, illustrative of the subject—

"Thus, from the disclosure of *the name of the Lord* to the Gentiles---from the *extent* in which it was received by them, and from the *beneficial effects* it has produced, may be inferred the superior and impressive nature of that GREATNESS to which it was destined. It is that elevated species of grandeur which results from a *plenitude of benevolence*, exerted by the supreme Being towards his creatures through an eternal duration! It includes not merely the supply of their temporal wants, but the relief of their spiritual distresses. Knowing neither a limit nor an end, it ensures the extirpation of moral evil, together with the diffusion of pure and uninterrupted felicity! But the *greatness* attached to human characters is oftentimes, alas! of a

diametrically opposite complexion. Your *Alexanders* and your *Cæsars*, however emblazoned in the annals of fame, are defiled with blood! The sighs of the captive---the tears of the widow---the cries of the orphan, enter into the ingredients of their glory. Neither the splendour of their talents, nor the heroism of their deeds, conceal from the eye of humanity the means by which their celebrity was attained. Acts, ferocious in their nature, and desolating in their effects, have handed down their names to posterity. Glaring upon the world with the destructive radiance of a meteor, the unsubstantial fabric of *their* greatness arose from amidst the groans, and the distresses, and the miseries of mankind!"

A Week's Conversation on the Plurality of Worlds. By Monsieur Fontenelle. Seventh Edition, with considerable improvements. Hatchard. 3s.

THIS little volume is replete with entertainment, drawn from the sublime subject of astronomy. The writer treats it after the French manner, sprightly and ingenious; the work, therefore, is peculiarly adapted to the rising generation. Fontenelle excels in the novelty and propriety of his illustrations.

Melancholy, as it proceeds from the Disposition and Habit, the Passion of Love, and the Influence of Religion, drawn chiefly from the celebrated Work entitled "Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy"—and in which the kind, causes, consequences, and cures of this English Malady are traced. Vernor and Hood. 5s. 6d.

THIS publication presents an astonishing variety to the reader, with which he will be much amused. The anecdotes to be found in almost every

page are ingenious, and the contents of the whole volume are deserving of serious attention. We wish that it may obtain a very general circulation.

Hints to Public Speakers, intended for Young Barristers, Students at Law, and all others who may wish to improve their delivery, and attain a just and graceful Elocution. By T. Knox, A. M. Murray. 1s. 6d.

THIS small tract, dedicated to Mr. Erskine, has been drawn up with some evident marks of attention, and may, therefore, be safely recommended. It is well calculated to promote the delightful art of elocution, which, though neglected by us, wrought so many wonders in the remote ages of antiquity.

Village Dialogues, between Farmer Littleworth and Thomas Newman, Rev. Mr. Lovegood, Parson Dolittle, and others. By Rowland Hill, A. M. Williams. 1s.

THESE Dialogues are marked with that humour for which this author has been long distinguished. They are indeed adapted, by plainness of phraseology, to the persons for whom they are intended. But his remarks are very severe, and not always founded in justice. An invidiousness will be complained of by some readers, who will think that he ought to have had a little more mercy for his *brethren*---the established clergy.

Retrospect of the Political World,
FOR JULY, 1801.

FROM Egypt, Russia, Portugal, and France intelligence has arrived in the course of this month, which is entitled to particular attention.

In *Egypt*, our troops appear to be gaining considerable ground upon the French, who now have only Alexandria and Cairo in their possession. After the losses which they have sustained—their whole force must be almost annihilated. Indeed, sanguine hopes are entertained, that we shall speedily wave our banner over that distant, but memorable part of the world!

As to *Russia*, a convention has been signed at Petersburgh, between Lord St. Helens, and the Russian government, by which matters are amicably adjusted. There is no doubt of *Sweden* and *Denmark* acceding to the terms, on which the agreement was concluded. Seriously it is hoped that nothing may arise to interrupt the harmony now once more subsisting between us!

Portugal is again in a most unpleasant situation. The French government having refused to ratify the treaty of Badajor—are marching their troops towards Lisbon! The Portuguese are determined to oppose them—but with no prospect of success.

France and *Great Britain* are still hostile to each other, and little that is specific has transpired. The Gallic foe threatens an invasion—we are on our guard against them—government is busy in fencing our sea coasts—and orders to that purpose have been issued, and obeyed with great alacrity—It is our humble and fervent hope, that our *fears* may prove unfounded—may *peace* and its concomitant *plenty*, speedily revisit our highly favoured island.

MONTHLY CHRONOLOGIST:

FOR JULY, 1801.

July 1. LORD NELSON reached town from his late famous battle before Copenhagen. He came on shore at Yarmouth, amidst enthusiastic demonstrations of joy; immediately on his landing he visited the Hospital, where his brave fellows are lodged for cure; who were wounded in the late naval fight. This instance of his humanity, gave great satisfaction.

2. An experiment took place on the river Thames, for the purpose of working a barge, or any other heavy craft against tide, by means of a steam-engine, on a very simple construction. The moment the engine was set to work, the barge was brought about, answering her helm quickly; and she made way against a strong current, at the rate of two miles and a half per hour.

3. The King, Queen, and Royal Family reached Weymouth, where they were received with warm tokens of loyalty.

8. A poor distressed woman in Thames-Street, hired a boat to cross the river, to the bank-side of Blackfriers, in pursuit of a wandering husband; failing in finding him, she returned to the boat, to look for him near her own home; being again disappointed, she hired another boat to go to Vauxhall, to look for him there; not finding him, she hired a fresh boat to return home, when in an agony of despair, she threw herself into the water, near the Adelphi; where she immediately sunk, before the waterman was aware of her intention, who used every means to recover her, without effect.

12. Damages of 485l. 9s. 4d. were awarded in the King's Bench against Mr. Creasy of Deptford, being the amount of an Ironmonger's bill for goods, to the Female Swindler, Miss. Robertson, upon Mr. Creasy's recommendation. A caution this: lest we speak *positively* in favour of persons, before we *thoroughly* know them.

13. A Boxing-Match for 20 guineas, took place at Wimbledon Common, between two noted pugilists; Tom. Jones, and Piton a Jew. The combatants met at two o'clock, attended by their seconds; Belcher, and Mendoza. The Jew was proclaimed victor, having struck Jones under the ear, which for some minutes deprived him of sense and motion. After the above match, Belcher and Bourke a butcher of Woolwich, entered the list. Some blows being exchanged, Bourke received a blow which *took off his nose*, and part of the *upper-lip*—he was carried senseless from the ring! Surely such brutalities ought not to be suffered in a *Christian* Country.

14. The Anniversary of the Revolution celebrated at Paris with great splendour and festivity. No description could equal the spectacle presented in Champ's Elysees, all Paris was present—balls, pantomimes, numerous theatres, concerts, elevation of balloons, artificial fire-works, and general illuminations. The Chief Consul in the morning reviewed the troops in the square of the Thuilleries —and afterwards gave an entertainment of 240 covers to the Ambassadors, Senators, Ministers, Counsellors of State, General Officers, Judges, &c. Alluding to the re-establishment of the Consuls health—the air resounded with acclamations of joy.

16. A jury sat at Battersea on the body of Miss Hompesch, who shot herself there a few days ago; in a fit of desperation. She was daughter of ge-

neral Hompesch, and remarkable for her beauty. In a letter to her father, left behind on a table—she begged her *heart* might be taken out of her body, and sent to *her dear friend* in Germany, with this her dying request he literally complied.

17. An Italian beggar, aged 95, of the name of Fisher, was buried at Shadwell—he was never known to have an hours illness, previous to his last sickness. He had *thirteen wives*, by whom he left no issue. The last one who is living, is a middle aged woman—she is said to be inconsolable for his loss, because in his avocations of sweeping the streets and begging, he acquired a good deal of money!

22. A grand review of the London volunteers took place in Hyde-Park—about twenty minutes past ten—his Royal Highness the Duke of York accompanied by the Prince of Wales, and the Staff appeared on the ground. The troops made a handsome appearance—and fired with the utmost order and regularity.

MONTHLY LIST OF BANKRUPTS,

(From the London Gazette.)

EMANUEL Gadd, Taunton, Somersetshire, druggist. Abraham Olivant, Stamford, Lincolnshire, miller. James Myers, Sunderland, Durham, hardwareman. Henry French, Broad-street, St Giles's, cardmaker. James Steward, Watford, Hertfordshire, mariner. Daniel Woolley, Carrhill, Yorkshire, clothier. Wm. Waterly Weller, St. Paul's, Deptford, Kent, miller. Daniel Girling, of Beccles, Suffolk, shopkeeper. C. Farquhar, late of Maddox-street, Hanover-square, Middlesex, builder. R. Smith, now or late of Bradford, Wiltshire, victualler. S. Jones, J. Milsom, and

I. Howard, Bradford, Wiltshire, clothiers. A. Cengoli, Sun-street, Bishopsgate street Without, London, florist. T. Allport, late of Lawrence, Poultney-hill, London, merchant. Wm. Bazeley, Bristol, linen-draper. John Emmens, Abingdon, carrier. Josiah Peacock and Cornelius Gill, London, merchants. Wm. Chigwin, West-lane, Bermondsey, merchant. A. Occarson, late of Fenchurch-street, London, merchant. Edw. Pare Symons and Peter W. Crapp, Plaistow-green, Kent, wool staplers. T. Evans, Worcester, merchant. W. Harding and F. Mellor, Derby, mercers. W. Pugh, Worcester, merchant. J. Cohen, Haydon-square, chair-manufacturer. R. Earle, Chichester, spirit merchant. J. Hill, Maidstone, Kent, glass-seller. Wm. Betts Bird, late of Yarmouth, Norfolk, linen-draper. Samuel Lacey, Tooley-street, Southwark, oilman. John Eden Deacon, New Bond-street, linen-draper. J. Perry and G. Rigg, Bread-street, Cheapside, warehousemen. Benjamin Cole, late of the Strand, innkeeper. Richard Wilson, Bread-street, London, merchant. Edward Dash, Walcot, Somersetshire, riding-master. Wm. Chapman, Rugby, Warwickshire, money-scrivener. S. Howard, Bradford, Wiltshire, carpenter. P. Cronish, Taunton, Somersetshire, cooper. J. Connard, Piccadilly, cutler. E. and J. Nicklin, Tipton, mealmen. J. Evans, Mansfield, Woodhouse, Nottinghamshire, hosier. N. Cutler, White's Grounds, Bermondsey, leather-dresser. R. Hawkins, Kingston-upon-Hull, cabinet-maker. N. Cooke, Charles-street, Westminster, army broker. J. Hawkins, Newbury, Berkshire, dealer. J. Fearon, Birmingham, tinplate-worker. R. Hilstead, Horsham, Sussex, victualler. T. Marsh, Old Compton-street, Soho, taylor. J. Angus, Strand, carver and gilder. S. Artaud, Pinner, Middlesex, shopkeeper. Wm. Breton, March,

Isle of Ely, Cambridge, millwright. Ed. Adcock, Birmingham, grocer. Nath. Cockayne, Borough of Derby, baker. Samuel Bridge, late of Sible Hedingham, Essex, plumber. John Rawson, late of Leicester, hatter. John Dawson, Hyde-street, Bloomsbury, steel-manufacturer. Luke Burchall, Southampton, draper. T. Bibby, Stockport, Chester, grocer. I. Gale, Bradford, Wilts, clothier. N. Ruddock, Monkwearmouthshore, Durham, butcher. J. Collins, St. Paul's Church-yard, confectioner. B. Cother, Wootton-under-Edge, Glocester, clothier and linen-draper, J. Campbell, Mortimer-street, Cavendish-square, painter. C. Phillips, now or late of Halifax, York, merchant. J. Gilman, Great Yarmouth, Norfolk, linen-draper. J. Wood, Wednesbury, Stafford, gun-lock-maker. Wm. Gandar, St. John's-street, Middlesex, plaisterer. S. Moses Solomon, Queen-street, Birmingham, merchant. Wm. Chamley, Liverpool, merchant. Wm. Richardson, Sutwood, Lancashire, whitster. Edmund Chalmley, Liverpool, merchant. W. Macher, late of Parker's-row, Bermondsey, Surry, baker. Henry Croasdell, Cecil-street, Strand, taylor. Thomas Holmes, Oxford, cordwainer. J. Robinson, Crosby-square, Bishop's-gate-street, merchant. Thomas Wilmot, Woolwich, Kent, linen-draper. John Stanley, Liverpool, merchant. Thomas Bowdige, Lime-street, London, factor. J. Crosby, Oxford-street, Middlesex, mercer. T. Griffiths, late of Henstridge, Somerset, victualler. J. Davies, Callington, Cornwall, linen-draper. S. Bright, Coventry, grocer. R. Harper, Newcastle-under-Lyme, Stafford, scrivener. W. Mather, late of Parker's-row, Bermondsey, baker.

BIRTHS.

Of sons: the Lady of W. J. Campion, Esq. the Countess of Sutherland; her Majesty the Queen of Prussia; the Countess of Grennard. Of daughters: the Right Hon. Lady E. Halliday; the Right Hon. Lady Leslie; Lady Templetown.

MARRIAGES.

At Bath, the Rev. T. Blakeney, to Miss A. Newcombe, daughter of the late Primate of Ireland. Lord Louvaine, to Miss L. Wortley, of Grosvenor-square. Major Ottley, of Swaffham, to Miss Styan, of Lombard-street. By special licence, at the Dowager Lady Burgoyne's, Oxford-street, the Right Hon. Lord Ongley to Miss Burgoyne, only daughter of Sir John Burgoyne, bart. At Lambeth Palace, by the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Pelham to Lady Mary Osborne.

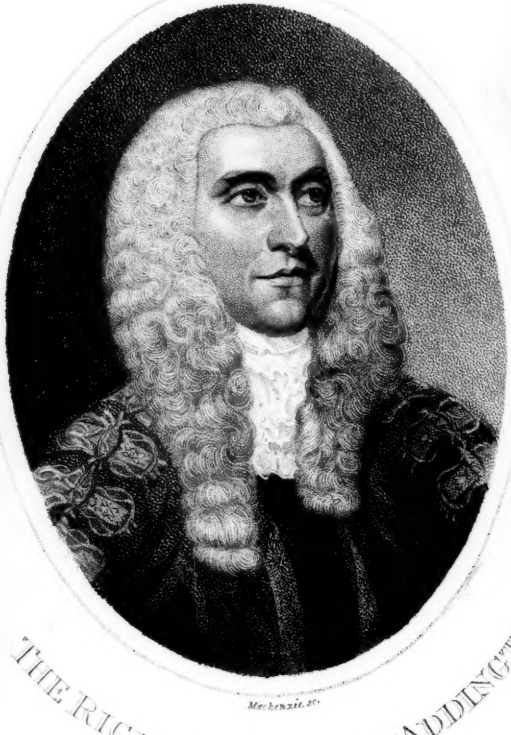
DEATHS.

At Lisbon, the eldest son of the Prince Regent. Lord Petre. At Offendam, the Hon. Mrs. Digby, sister to Lord Falkland. Of a fever, the Hon. Miss A. Ryder, daugter of Lord Falkland. At Coates, near Edinburgh, aged 77, the Countess Dowager of Glencairn. At the Hot Wells, Bristol, Lady Seymour, wife of the Hon. Lord H. Seymour.

To Correspondents.

Our readers in general are informed, that complete sets of the Monthly Visitor are now ready for delivery, with coloured plates, at the Prices affixed in the Prospectus published some time since.

Several valuable communications have come to hand; but not having room to notice them individually, our Correspondents are assured that they shall be duly attended to.



Mackenzie, &c.

THE RIGHT HON. HENRY ADDINGTON.

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